

LA TOUSSAINT

I WAS sitting in the gardens of the Luxembourg on a typical autumn day, dull, chill and silent; and with the strange inconsequence of thought so often an attribute of those who live much alone, my thoughts had wandered from the very modern statues and pictures I had been looking at in the famous gallery, and I found myself seated in quite another gallery, that of St. Mary's, Oxford: looking at Liddon's wistful face and hearing that haunting voice saying, "When chill and dun falls on the moor the brief November day"—we bethink us of the close of life.

Nearly thirty-five years have passed since that All Saints' Day: I have travelled far, in many senses, since then, and now next week I shall be keeping La Toussaint in Paris. One usually associates La Ville Lumière with life and not with death. It seems natural to die in London: but not here. But this is a great mistake. The French have a passion for *facts*; and they deal with the supreme fact, Death, in their usual thorough way. There is no whining, no shrinking, no make-believe: it is the last supreme fact of a world, which for them is a world of facts.

Let us go to Père La Chaise first: not because it is the most interesting, but because it is the cemetery that most fully illustrates this point. To me the approach is reminding always of the route to some great London terminus station. The waiting cabs and motors, the tide of life, and all the shops filled with *Couronnes* and funeral necessities (instead of travelling necessities for an earthly voyage). Then the great central entrance—the many coming in and going out—and at last you are inside the greatest cemetery in France.

I think it was Burke who said, "I would rather lie in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of all the Capulets": he would not have been happy here! The sentiment of the country church is beautiful: but Paris has to deal with facts. The Irishman said a cemetery was a place "where we all go to live when we die."

Père La Chaise is an immense town of endless streets: the little chapels—every family nearly has its chapel—with its name emblazoned, and generally surmounted with a cross.

Within the grated door you can see the little altars, the candles, the flowers, and sometimes even the photographs of those at rest. Endless streets—alleys if you like—shaded by trees, branch off on each side of the main road. As you walk up this central route, facing you (and the entrance) is Bartholome's sublime sculpture, "Salut Aux Morts": the young and the old, husband and wife, victor and vanquished, all entering that door which opens for ever inward, never outward. Again it is the homage to the Great Fact.

Above this is the chapel, built on the site of the Château that once was the property of the Jesuits. Père La Chaise, who was the confessor of Louis XIV., lived here in pleasant country retirement, far from the noise and smoke and wealth of Paris: it is one of life's little ironies that he should be remembered thus. A friend once said to me that he was so glad the cemetery was spared in the Terror: but it was only laid out as a cemetery in 1804. And now how can I single out names from the legion of the far-famed? names that the civilized world will never let die. Racine, Molière, Lafontaine, Laplace, St. Simon, Mme. de Genlis, Balzac, De Beranger, Corot, Daubigny, Rosa Bonheur.

As you climb the hill on your left is an appealing weeping willow: one *must* stop to look at that. It is the sleeping-place of Alfred de Musset: he whose worst enemy all his life—next to himself—had been insomnia (his last word to his brother was, "Ah! dormir"), now sleeps very sound with the tree he loved above him, and on his grave the words:

Mes chers amis quand je mourrai
Plantez un saule au cimetière
J'aime son feuillage eploré.

Behind the weeping willow rests his sister, who only lived to protect his name and to spread his fame.

It was so characteristic to hear two French people, of the working class, pausing at his grave, and the elder explaining to the younger the glories of the much-loved poet.

Not far away, on the other side, down a very shaded alley I was tempted to go by an English country churchyard memory—a robin singing. It was strangely restful there: but one grave attracted me by its exquisitely sculptured figure, and the many beautiful fresh flowers: it was the grave of Chopin: no wonder the robin sang there! Close by it Cherubini sleeps, but no one had placed flowers for him. But I must restrain my pen.

One would have liked to speak of the Jewish quarter: where Rachel rests and many Rothschilds: but ere we leave we can only think of one grave more: it is far away from the central division, and, strangely enough, the monument is shrouded in wrappings, so that none can see the sculpture; but behind, the inscription is to be read:

"To Oscar Wilde . . . who died fortified by the Rites of the Church, Nov. 30th, 1900" (and this verse):

An alien's tears shall fill for him
Pity's long broken urn,
For his mourners will be outcast men
And outcasts always mourn.

Outside the gates there is once more the tide of life. A big man, in a splendid car, lolls back, smoking a cigar. I wonder what *he* is thinking of: very French, he will not shrink from the Fact.

And now let us go to what is (*me judice*) the most interesting and least known of all the cemeteries—La Cimetière de Picpus. Those who are young enough still to be under the charm of *Les Misérables* will remember how lovingly Victor Hugo describes the Convent of Le Petit Picpus St. Antoine. That of course (*tout passe* in Paris) has passed, but at No. 35 in the Rue de Picpus there still remains a Convent of the Sacred Heart. It has been deprived, I believe, of its schools, and now exists as a retreat for aged ladies. The day I was there—a grey, tepid afternoon—the long Convent garden seemed mutely mourning for the bright band of children that once had danced down its paths; the only figures now were those of an aged lady in black, leaning on the arm of a Sister in white: it is a place blighted with the melancholy of things that have had their day.

Down through the long, bare garden you walk in pensive mood till you reach at last a large, well-worn, weather-beaten door, and you enter indeed on holy ground. Here rest none but descendants (to the fourth generation) of those who perished in the Terror. Familiar names meet you on every side: De Noailles, De Rochefort, De la Mothe, Montmorency, De Talleyrand, De Clement-Tonnerre, De Boiselin.

The chapel, which protects the great family De la Rochefoucauld, was open, and everything spoke of reverence, order, and remembrance. One grave, evidently recently made, is that of Provost de Launay (a name well known to readers of Carlyle's *French Revolution*). He died last year, a distin-

guished figure in French politics to the last, a lover of—a fighter for—lost causes and forsaken loyalties.

For a moment a strange note seemed to jar, seeing two American flags waving over a grave; but it resolved itself in harmony when one found it was the resting-place of Lafayette and his wife.

At the end of the alley stands a grated door, through which you look on to a garden—a green lawn rather—studded with cypress trees. Here rest, as the inscription over the door tells us, no less than 1,306 victims of the Terror, the finest flower of the French aristocracy.

The fact is enough to state: I will not desecrate the silence by comment. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.* This little cemetery belongs to the Prince Salm Kyrburg, whose ancestor was one of the last victims of the guillotine.

Now when we are all vying with one another to lick the boots of the Democracy (as Dean Inge puts it) it is well to recall the splendid courage, the exquisite dignity, the unfaltering faith, with which the French Aristocracy went forth to meet its doom. I wonder how the Friends of the People would behave in like case?

Just as I turn by the door for a final look and prayer, my eye rests on a magnificent tomb, supported by sculptured priests in fervent prayer. It is none other than that of Charles, Comte de Montalembert. To think of him is to think of Lacordaire: to recall the exquisite friendship of those two star-like souls, with their high ideals and lofty hopes for the Church in France; of their journey together to Rome to claim the Holy Father's blessing on their propaganda on behalf of what we should now call Christian Socialism—and their newspaper (*L'Avenir* was it not called?). Then of the fading of all their hopes, but no withering of their friendship and their Faith. "I die," said Lacordaire, "a *penitent* Catholic, an *impenitent* Liberal." In active life, the path of Montalembert marched far from that of Lacordaire, but in aim, in spirit, and in love, they were one to the end.

Montalembert was buried [says Mrs. Oliphant], not among the gaudy flowers and wreaths of an ordinary Parisian cemetery, but in the hallowed ground of the Picpus convent. He had this privilege by right of his wife, and the noble saintly ladies—guillotined under the Terror—from whom he was descended. He

chose his last rest there by the side of the unfortunate, by those who had perished either for the sake of religion or for their honourable adherence to a fallen cause, as became one who never loved victorious causes, and who fought most of his life on the losing side, after the fashion of earth's best and purest heroes.

Not very far from my bench here in the Luxembourg is another famous resting-place, the Cimetière of Montparnasse, close to the Boulevard de Montrouge. Here sleep St. Beuve, Leconte de Lisle, Théodore de Banville, Baudelaire, Fantin Latour. Very noticeable is the space where repose the Sisters of Mercy, of one of whom, Sœur Rosalie, Hare says that she influenced more people for good than any other woman of the century; the graves of the police killed whilst on duty—*Morts sur le champ d'honneur*—of the firemen who perished whilst on their errands of courage and mercy. And then two graves with a very special appeal, those of Père de Ravignan and Père Gratry.

The other day on the Left Bank I bought for a few pence the Life of Père de Ravignan, and with it in my hand, I wandered into Notre Dame and thought of him as he held spell-bound the vast multitudes. The light was streaming in (an unusual thing) through the glorious "Wheel Window," candles were burning at the shrine of Our Lady, where many knelt in prayer. English and American tourists, with open mouths and creaking shoes, were admiring probably the wrong things (for much of the glass in Notre Dame is very poor), and I wondered how many thoughts and prayers turned to Ravignan and Lacordaire, who were, and are, foremost in the priceless possessions of that priceless church. I like to recall this little touch when I sit in Notre Dame and think of the great preacher's matchless power. Many years ago, in a convent in the South, an Englishman was calling on the Father Superior. A knock at the door, and a priest entering, made obeisance and asked permission to walk in the garden. Leave given and the door closed, the Father Superior said, "That was Père de Ravignan, once the *Leader of the French Bar*."

But there is still another *Champ de Repos*, the Cimetière du Nord, otherwise the Cemetery of Montmartre. English tourists bent on visiting the Great Basilica of the Sacred Heart should not overlook this.

Here rest (I don't attempt to sort the names; they all

touch certain well-known notes), Paul Delaroche, Berlioz, Offenbach, Ambroise Thomas, Delibes, Greuze, Henri Murger, Théophile Gautier, General Bazaine, and (most suggestive of all) Rénan. But probably for most English people, the chief interest will be in looking on the tomb of Heine, for his own sake, and for Matthew Arnold's sake.

"Henri Heine"—'tis here
 That black tombstone—the name
 Carved there—no more! and the smooth
 Swarded alleys—the limes
 Touched with yellow by hot
 Summer—but under them still
 In September's bright afternoons—
 Shadow—and verdure and cool
 Trim Montmartre—the faint
 Murmur of Paris outside :
 Crisp everlasting flowers
 Yellow and black on the grave.
 Half-blind, palsied, in pain
 Hither to come from the street's
 Uproar—surely not loath
 Wast thou, Heine, to lie
 Quiet—to ask for closed
 Shutters and darkened room
 And cool drinks—and the eased
 Posture—and opium no more :
 Hither to come and to sleep
 Under the wings of Renown.

As you walk down the Boulevard Haussman, on the right, you cannot but notice a strange-looking building, round which even now an air of apartness and stillness reigns. It is the Chapelle Expiatoire, built on the site of the old cemetery belonging to the Madeleine. After the execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, the remains were buried here, and the gravedigger's bill in connexion with the interment of "Widow Capet" is still preserved. The *Curé* of the Madeleine, fearing the mob's violence, feigned illness, and left the ceremony to the Premier Vicaire (Senior curate, as we should say), who left an account of this pathetic scene.

A gentleman, wishing to protect the spot from desecration, planted it out as an orchard, and on the Restoration, the bodies of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were transferred to St. Denis, where they now rest in great splendour.

Chateaubriand persuaded Louis XVIII. to collect together the bones of all the faithful Swiss Guard (who were also

buried here), and to erect this Chapelle Expiatoire. Let us hope that in this ever-changing city, this little oasis may still be left untouched.

You would hardly think that what is now perhaps the very busiest spot, by night and by day, Les Halles, was in the eighteenth century the fashionable burying-place for the middle classes; here it was that Madame de Pompadour was buried. On the day of her funeral it was wet and stormy, and Louis XV., looking out of the window, remarked, "Madame la Marquise has a bad day for her journey."

Who ever thinks, as they try to thread their way down the crowded Rue Montmartre, that they are walking on ground which once contained the Cemetery of St. Joseph, where Molière was buried (on the destruction of the cemetery his remains were taken to Père La Chaise); and here during severe winters his widow had a huge fire kept alight, that the poor might warm themselves.

But space forbids to recall all the sacred spots: the cemetery where that unhappy child, Louis XVII., was laid to rest, after ten years of bitter childhood, and over whose fate controversy still lingers; of the Cemetery of St. Médard, sacred to the Jansenists, where exciting scenes of miracle-working were constantly reported as taking place, till at last the tumult grew so great that the Cemetery had to be closed in 1732, and next day there appeared on the gates the following:

De part du Roi—défense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu.

But as all Parisians adore their children and their dogs, it would be wanting in the sense of proportion to omit the fact that there is a large and well-kept cemetery for dogs on an island in the Seine, but as I have never seen it, I merely chronicle the characteristic fact. But the reader may say, "He has said no word yet of the greatest Personality in all France, of one, who being dead, is yet never absent from the thoughts of all Frenchmen." There is no need for words: all the world goes to pay homage to Napoleon, sleeping in stately splendour in the Invalides. Whatever view one takes of that supreme Life-Force, one cannot but feel a clutch at the throat as one reads on his grave the words: "*Je desire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé.*"

But as I look at that great sarcophagus I wonder where

is the dearly-loved L'Aiglon; and then I remember, time since, standing in the crypt of the Capucines at Vienna, and feeling the pathos of this unhappy boy, buried in the land and in the uniform that he so detested. We leave him, but shall think of him on La Toussaint with Rostrand's words:

Et maintenant il faut que Ton Altesse dorme
Ame pour qui la mort est une guérison
Dorme au fond du caveau—dans le double prison
De son cercueil de bronze et de cet uniforme.

Oh, pleasant Land of France! Oh! saintly Land of France! We English admire and envy your *joie de vivre*, your tireless gaiety, your exquisite felicity of speech, your wonderful adaptation to life: but (knowing only the Cosmopolitanism of the Grands Boulevards), we forget that this pleasure-loving people is the hardest working people in the world: rising early (hours before London) and late taking rest, the most careful and economic, and so the richest (per head) of all countries in the world: the foremost in all scientific discoveries, the quickest to respond to every social need, and (oh! Protestant England, you will not believe me), the most religious people in the world, if missionary zeal, lifelong service and martyrdom, prove any test of spiritual fervour.

But it is growing dark and cold in the Luxembourg: the statues of Chopin and Watteau are faint in the gloom. Dear French people, how fully, how artistically you live—how calmly and nobly you die: and how, after death, you ever triumphantly remember.

"So be my passing!
My task accomplished, and the long day done,
My wages taken and in my heart
Some late lark singing."

A. A. PITMAN.

[P.S. This article was written before the war: and I feel it would be desecration in a postscript to speak of the heroes

"Who died of having lived so much.
In their large hours."

—R.I.P.]

ZACHARIAS

(The First Annunciation.)

I.

"THE hour is come at length.¹
My soul, put forth thy strength,
And break this chain of fears,
Vain hopes, and selfish tears.
What! wouldst thou, even yet,
Be lost in old regret?

II.

" This day 'tis mine to stand,
The censer in my hand,
And lay a nation's prayers
On God's wide altar-stairs.
Spokesman for others' need,
Nought for himself should plead.

III.

" Aye, nought, in truth!—Since now
The furrows mark this brow.
Wind of the Equinox
The ageing cedar rocks;
And night an equal sway
Bears, in my life, with day.

IV.

" Not from *my* seed comes He
Who shall set Israel free!
In God's great Scheme of grace
'Tis others have their place.
Clearer—and younger—eyes
Must see His Day-spring rise.

V.

" But I, with single heart,
Will play my destined part.
Upon God's altar-fires
Cast my own vain desires,
And ask the boon Divine
For other souls than mine."

¹ The lot to burn incense would, in the natural course of things, fall only once in a lifetime to any one priest. Thus, though not foreseeing the vision, Zacharias would feel that the time was specially significant and thought-rousing.

VI.

He said; and o'er his breast
Drew, slow, the priestly vest;
With calm regardant face
Turned towards the Holy Place,
And in his hallowed lot
The thought of self forgot.

VII.

'Twas then the feet of flame
On their glad errand came;
Then rang the mystic word:—
'Fear not! Thy prayer is heard!' . . .
Yet nought was unfulfilled
That, selfless, he had willed.

VIII.

Lord! When with hearts grown wise
We scan life's autumn skies,
And through them, sudden, gleams
The daystar of our dreams,
Grant, with the boon long-sought,
May come the sobering thought.—

IX.

"As Zachary's promised son
But hailed the Greater One,
So rise all shadows bright
To fade in shadeless Light;
And joy supreme is sent
But as God's instrument!"

G. M. HORT.

THE FIRST CLAUSE OF MAGNA CARTA

“**L**ET the Church of England be free,” are the first words of Magna Carta, that great charter of English liberties which was signed on June 15, 1215, that is, just over 700 years ago. We may then appropriately use the occasion to consider the bearing of that provision on Catholic history in this country, particularly on what was meant by the Church's freedom, as it was understood by our forefathers of those far-back times; and how far their meaning then accords or disaccords with the meaning attributed to them by those who in the present age have come to be called the “Church of England.”

Some thirty years ago the late Earl of Selborne, a distinguished lawyer, in his book entitled *The Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment*, reminded his fellow-Anglicans that “it was the Church of England, not the Church of Rome, of which the rights and liberties were declared to be inviolable by King John's great Charter, confirmed by Henry III.” This is true, but is not very much to the purpose. As terms were understood in those days, and still are in all Catholic countries, by the Church of Rome is meant the Church of the diocese of Rome, the Church, that is to say, which in the belief of the mediæval English, was the “mother and teacher of all the churches”;¹ and by the Church of England was meant the Church, or collection of Churches, in communion with that Church of Rome which embraced the entirety of the Catholics of this country. If the terms are to be taken in this, their natural sense, it would have been most incongruous for a clause in Magna Carta to provide for the liberties of the distant Church of Rome, but most suitable that one should provide for the Church of the land which was liable to be deprived of its liberties by the misgovernment of its civil rulers. But obviously Lord Selborne was unaccountably using these ancient words in their modern Anglican sense, and meant to say that this clause of Magna Carta demanded that the Churches of England

¹ *Mater et magistra omnium ecclesiarum*. This is commonly translated “Mother and Mistress of all the Churches.” But *magistra* means “mistress” on'y in the sense of “teacher.”

should be regarded as independent of any subjection to the Mother Church of Rome.

This interpretation of the clause is still cherished in some quarters, though not so widely as it was in the days of the writer from whom we have quoted. On the other hand its unfounded character has during the interval been demonstrated so conclusively by many writers, that it does not seem necessary to dwell much here on this branch of the subject. It is enough to say (1) that, if that had been the meaning of the signatories to Magna Carta, it is unintelligible why they should have wished to set their demand at the head of a charter, the scope of which was to extort a recognition of their liberties from the King, not the Pope. Nor let it be said that their idea was to force the King to put pressure to this effect on the Pope, for if so, at least they would have been more explicit in their language, the more so as there was no precedent for their approaching the King for this purpose, but many precedents for their approaching the Bishops of England who were their recognized intermediaries when they desired to make representations to the Pope. (2) The signatories to the Charter, who extorted it by putting pressure on the King, include names quite inconsistent with the notion that their endeavour was to break away from their subjection to the Pope and inaugurate an independent Church. At the head of the list stands the name of "Stephen Langton, Cardinal priest of the Holy Roman Church, of the title of St. Chrysogonus," a title which, had he really been putting his hand to a separatist measure of this kind, he might have been expected to renounce not to use. And lower down, more significantly still, after those of Bishops known for their devotion to the Apostolic See, comes the signature of Pandulphus, the Pope's archdeacon, who as we know was sent over to England to represent the Pope, and be the means for bringing the King on the one side, and the Bishops and Barons on the other, into concord. What possible explanation can be given of his signature to the Charter, if its purport was that which has been imputed to it by writers like the late Lord Selborne?

(3) But it is really not necessary to lay stress on these secondary points when we have Innocent III. himself giving a cordial approval to just this very clause concerning the liberty of the Church. It is true he condemned the Magna Carta and annulled its provisions in his Bull of August 24th

of the year in which it was signed. That, however, was on the ground, not of the character of the provisions themselves, but of the way in which the Charter was extorted from the King. If Innocent had understood the nature of that crafty and treacherous sovereign, who never meant to keep any of his promises or show respect for any of the liberties of his subjects, he would probably never have issued this Bull of annulment, or inflicted the censures of the Church upon those who had demanded the recognition of their liberties. But John had sent an embassy to him, shortly after he signed the document, with a letter in which he represented himself as actuated with the very best intentions towards his subjects, and as having responded to their statement of grievances by offering the alternative of referring the points in dispute to the judgment of their peers in his own Court, or to that of the Holy See, as of the overlord without whose assent he had not really the power to give them what they sought, now that the kingdom had been made a fief of that See. But all his readiness to meet their wishes had, he protested, been in vain, as what they demanded was nothing less than a renunciation of his entire sovereignty, which they had the power to enforce, and would have enforced, had he refused his signature, which, therefore, as extorted under fear for his life, he submitted, was invalid. The Pope was captured by this letter, backed up as it was by the advocacy of the embassy whom John sent with it to Rome, and this is how he came to annul the Charter and excommunicate the barons, together with the Archbishop, and some of the Bishops.

But that Innocent found no fault with any of the provisions of the Charter, at the head of which stood the one about the liberties of the Church, is manifest from the prefatory clause in this Bull of annulment. For in this part of the Bull, after mentioning that in his previous days the King had "grievously offended God and the Church," the Pope states that "he had on repentance humbly given satisfaction to the Church, not only by offering compensation to it for the losses he had caused it, and restitution for what he had taken from it, but even by granting the fullest liberty to the Church of England." Moreover, in saying this, Innocent III. had obviously in mind a royal act of concession made in the previous April, that is three months before the King signed the Magna Carta. This royal concession, though accompanied by other acts of the Crown for the concession of the civil liberties de-

manded, referred exclusively to the liberties of the Church. It begins by reciting an agreement reached between the King on the one side, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and five of the Bishops on the other side, as to the appraisement of the losses sustained by the Church during the time of the Interdict. It then declares that the King wishes "not only to repair all these losses, but also to make salutary and useful provision for the whole Church of England for ever"; and hence that "whatever custom may have prevailed in the Church of England, in our own times and those of our predecessors, and whatever rights in regard to the same Church may have been claimed by us . . . henceforth in all and singular, the churches and monasteries, cathedral and conventual, throughout the whole of England, the elections of whatever prelates, major or minor, shall be free for all time, save that we reserve to ourselves and our successors the custody of vacant churches and monasteries which belong to us. And we promise that we will not hinder, or permit or procure to be hindered by any of our servants, the electors of all or any of the churches and monasteries, whensoever any of their prelatures are vacant, from freely setting over them whatever pastors they please, provided they ask first from us and our heirs the leave to choose, which we will not refuse or delay, and which refusal or delay notwithstanding, should it (which God forbid) be interposed by us, we desire that the said electors shall proceed all the same to a canonical election. . . ." Nor is that all. We find this royal letter of January 5, 1215, incorporated in the text of a Papal Bull dated March 30, 1215, declaring its concessions to be most grateful to the Holy See, which confirms them by Apostolic authority.

We have then in so many words, of the fullest formality, Pope Innocent himself approving the very change which, according to the late Lord Selborne and others, had for its scope the assertion, on the part of the clergy and barons of England, of their rightful immunity from spiritual subjection to the authority of the Holy See. This is surely proof unimpeachable that the clause had no such purport in the minds of those who drew it up, and caused it to be accepted by the King. The Bull, too, with its incorporated royal letter, indicates clearly what was meant by the clause. It was to secure liberties which the Church claimed from the King, and its object, so far as this document defines it, was to prevent

the King from interfering with the free and canonical election, by the capitular and conventual bodies, of the Bishops and other prelates who were to preside over these ecclesiastical institutions.

A glimpse at the circumstances of the time indicates the appropriateness, indeed the necessity, of such a clause being set in the forefront of the Charter. The long conflict of King John with the Church had originated in an act of oppression just of this sort. The King had wished to see one of his favourites, John de Gray, Bishop of Norwich, translated to the primatial See, and he had recommended him to the Prior and Convent of Canterbury, with whom lay the right of election. There were complications, owing to their previous election of their own sub-prior, Reginald, and accordingly, when the candidates presented themselves before Pope Innocent, they were both rejected on the ground of the invalidity of their election, and the monks were called upon to elect another candidate—Cardinal Stephen Langton, a priest of conspicuous talents and virtues, then at Rome, being recommended for their consideration. They chose him, but the King, learning that his own candidate had been passed over, was furious, and declared that Langton should not set foot in his kingdom. It was John's stubbornness over this matter which led on to the infliction of the Interdict, and hence to his cruelties to all who observed it, to the monks of Christ Church Canterbury, to the unoffending relatives of Archbishop Langton, and to many others. Nor was the new Archbishop allowed to govern his province and diocese in peace until this brutal King had been brought to his knees and had made his submission.

We trust that we have now shown sufficiently the absurdity of the notion that the first clause in Magna Carta was directed against the recognition of the authority of the Pope. The text of King John's letter of January 5, 1215, the letter confirmed by the Pope, from which we have quoted, shows on the other hand what was the violation of ecclesiastical liberty it was meant to check. This indeed is a point on which we must bestow some further attention, but it may be well first to point out how clauses of this kind for the protection of ecclesiastical liberties had often in the past been similarly set at the head of royal charters or equivalent documents.

In Anglo-Saxon days it was an accepted principle that the Church should be regarded as free, not only in her govern-

ment and in the election of her prelates, but likewise in the tenure of her property. This is affirmed among other documents by the Decrees of the celebrated Council of Cloveshoe, held in 747, when Ethelbert II. was King of Mercia and Bretwalda. At this Council of Cloveshoe, as we learn from the Cotton MS., which has preserved its *acta*, whilst they were considering various matters of religious interest, and were examining for the purpose a body of ancient privileges, there fell into their hands a document which they refer to as "the liberty of the Churches and the institution and precept of the glorious King Withred concerning the election and authority of the monasteries in the kingdom of Kent, and how and in what way they should be conducted, in accordance with the command and choice of the metropolitan of Canterbury." This letter of King Withred was read by order of King Ethelbert II. to the assembled Council, which expressed the greatest pleasure at its terms, and declared that "nothing more noble and prudent in the way of ecclesiastical discipline could be devised, and that they wished it to be now confirmed."

*Then [said Ethelbert, King of the Mercians] for the salvation of my soul and for the stability of my kingdom, as well as out of reverence for the venerable Archbishop Cuthbert, I subscribe it with my own munificent hand and confirm it, so that the liberty, honour, authority, and security of the Church of Christ in every respect shall not be denied by anyone, but that the Church shall be free from all secular services, as shall likewise be all the lands belonging to it, save for expedition and the building of bridges and fortresses. And, as the aforesaid King Withred decreed that this ordinance should be kept by himself and his people, so now do we also prescribe that it shall be observed without challenge and without change.

Then follow the signatures of the King himself, of Archbishop Cuthbert, and the Bishops, followed immediately by those of the thanes and of three abbots.

The tenure thus described, with its threefold obligation attached, was called the tenure of frank almoign. Under it the tenants were "bound of right before God to make orisons, prayers, masses, and other divine services for the souls of the donor and of his heirs, and for their prosperity and good health [but] should do no fealty to the Lord because the divine service is better for them before God than the doing of any fealty." This mode of tenure, though the name of

frank almoign is Norman, goes back far into Anglo-Saxon times, and was that under which most of the Church and monastic property was held. The threefold obligation, to provide men for military service (*expeditio*), and to contribute towards the building of bridges and fortresses was called the *trinoda necessitas*. It was a lien on all tenure of land, and was altogether independent of the feudal obligations that came in with the Normans.

There were of course many conflicts between the Anglo-Saxon kings and the Church of their days, but on the whole, it was a time in which, out of reverence for the Church, the conditions of this satisfactory tenure of Church offices and Church property were recognized in practice as well as in theory. With the Conquest a radical change at once resulted. The Norman and Plantagenet kings had the Catholic Faith firmly rooted in their hearts, and oftentimes gave proof of real practical piety. But they were far too fond of their own way and too resentful of any limitations, however holy, that stood in the path of their desires, and so, as the Church also had a firm root in the hearts of the people, and the authority of the Apostolic See was broad-based on this popular conviction, the period between the Conquest and the Reformation was marked by a course of persistent invasions of the rights of the Church on the one hand, and of sustained efforts to defend them, whilst at the same time showing due consideration for the practical difficulties of the situation, on the other.

According to Matthew of Paris, in his *Chronica Majora*, that is, Roger of Wendover, whose text he incorporates for the earlier period in question, "William [the Conqueror] reduced to the condition of military servitude all the Bishoprics and Abbacies which held baronies, and till then had been free from all obligations of military service. He entered on his Rolls each of the Bishoprics and Abbacies for the number of soldiers he willed that each of them should furnish to himself or to his successors, and, whilst depositing in his chancery the rolls thus drawn up, he exiled from the kingdom all ecclesiastics who resisted this abominable constitution." Under William Rufus, as was to be expected, things went from bad to worse, and at his death this King is recorded by the same chronicler to have "held in his hands the (goods) of the archbishopric of Canterbury, of the Bishoprics of Winchester and Salisbury, and of twelve abbacies." Henry I. wished to secure to himself the succession as against his

brother Robert, and so to ingratiate himself with the magnates of the nation, he promised that "he would emend the law by which the country had been oppressed under his father and brother." He was told in reply by the clergy and barons that, "if he would with a willing mind concede to them and confirm by charter the ancient liberties and customs that had prevailed in the kingdom in the days of the holy King Edward, they would unanimously accept him for their King and consecrate him to that dignity." The text of this Charter is given by Matthew of Paris, and is worth transcribing both on account of the explicit way in which it specifies the character of the liberties conceded, and of the frequency with which it was referred to by later grants of the same kind, *Magna Carta* included:

Know ye that, by the mercy of God and the common Council of the barons, I have been crowned King of England. And because this kingdom has been oppressed by unjust exactions, I, out of reverence for God and the love I bear for all of you, make the holy Church of God free, so that I will never sell it or put it out to farm, or, when an Archbishop or Bishop or Abbot is dead, will I take away any thing belonging to the possessions of the Church, and of its lieges, until the [next] successor enters in. And all the evil customs, by which the realm has been unjustly oppressed I hereby abolish, which said evil customs I here set down in part. . . .

The Charter then goes on to specify many abuses belonging to the civil order as to be removed.

King Stephen, as we hear from the same chronicler, on the occasion of his coronation, "made and shortly afterwards confirmed by a new charter the compact he had made with God and his people, and the Holy Church, to wit that when the bishops were dead he would not retain their churches in his own hand, but would at once permit of a canonical election and invest the person elected. Also that he would not, as King Henry had done, retain in his hands the wood of any cleric or layman. . . ." Matthew of Paris does not mention directly, in connexion with the coronation of Henry II., that he took on himself a similar engagement, but lower down in his narrative he gives the text of a letter written by St. Thomas of Canterbury to the King soon after the outbreak at Northampton; who in it reminds him that at his coronation he had taken such an oath. "Remember," he says, "the profession you made and placed on the altar that you would

preserve the liberty of the Church of God, when you were consecrated King." Nor is there any mention in the same work of such an oath being taken by Richard I. or John at their respective coronations. But in the light of what we have seen it is presumable that each King on his accession accepted the same conditions in accordance with the custom established by the Charter of Henry I.

With these facts before us we can understand why, when King John showed a disposition to disregard the oath he had taken at Winchester before receiving the Papal absolution, the Cardinal Archbishop, at a Council held in St. Paul's, called the attention of the magnates of the kingdom to the Charter of Henry I., as to a document "which had been found at Winchester at the time of the coronation, and by which they could if they wished restore their lost liberties to their pristine state." He had the document with him, and proceeded to read it out, with the result that they all agreed that they would, if necessary, fight to the death for the recovery of these same liberties. It should be added that the same kind of acknowledgment of the liberties of the Church, as of the laity, first made in the Charter of Henry I., was constantly renewed during the later middle ages. Some of the documents to this effect can be read in Wilkins' *Concilia*.

Why, then, it may be asked, was the friction between Crown and Church on this point, side by side with that between the Crown and its temporal subjects, kept up so long? It was, to confine ourselves to the case of the Church, which is what concerns us in this article, because the English kings of those days were by no means so faithful in keeping their promises as they were profuse in making them. But what helped them to combine the two things, formal promises and repeated violations of them, is illustrated by the practice they succeeded in retaining all throughout in regard to the elections to prelaties, viz., that when the death of a prelate made it necessary to proceed to a new election, the electors should (1) formally solicit the sovereign for a *congé d'élire*, or permission to make an election, and (2) when they had made their choice, should announce it to the sovereign and solicit his approval. Both these formalities were in themselves reasonable enough. The personality of a prelate, who as such would not only exercise a high spiritual influence in the country, but also an important political influence by reason of his tenure of the barony attached as temporalities to his

see, was a matter of necessary concern to the sovereign, and it was only reasonable that he should be given the opportunity of manifesting his desires as to the qualities needed in the new prelate. On the other hand, these formalities gave the opportunity to a King who was not imbued with any strong sense of justice or piety, to coerce the electors by letting them feel that, if he should indicate a name to them and it were not accepted, his extreme displeasure would be incurred—whilst at the same time they might feel that the person whom the King desired was altogether unsuited for the spiritual administration for the discharge of which it was their duty to God and the Church to provide. Indeed it was quite a common practice for the Plantagenet kings to attempt to provide for their civil officials or the favourites they wished to enrich by getting them appointed to Church benefices, to the relief of their own exchequers. These royal endeavours to interfere with the freedom of the electors appointed by the law of the Church to choose new prelates to succeed to vacant sees, and to get the control of all such appointments into their own hands, were the gravest of all the assaults on its liberties, against which the mediæval Church had to defend itself, inasmuch as nothing is of more importance for the spiritual welfare of the Church than to have good prelates to preside over its administration, whilst this was certainly not the primary object which the secular sovereigns had generally in view in choosing their nominees.

But the inroads of these mediæval sovereigns on the property of the Church was often only less disastrous to its well-being. The feeling which had struck deep roots in the hearts of mediæval and of modern Catholics was that the possessions of the Church were gifts to God which should be devoted, under the administration of the Church's rulers, to the furtherance of the work of God. It is not denied that oftentimes worldly prelates abused this trust reposed in them. On the contrary, the fact that they could be guilty of such abuses was a reason the more why the method of their election or appointment should be carefully guarded. It is also not to be denied that the Church was entitled and even bound to contribute of her goods towards such objects as the defence of the realm, or the provision of what was necessary for the temporal welfare of the people of the country in which her possessions lay. On the contrary, as we have seen, it was an understood thing, even in the Anglo-Saxon times, when the

spirit of faith was so pronounced and vivid, that the holders of ecclesiastical benefices should make the contributions belonging to the category of the *trinoda necessitas*, and doubtless the Churchmen in the Norman and Plantagenet days would have readily acknowledged that, the value of the Church property having by then considerably increased, the contributions of the clergy for these civil objects should be much more ample than in the previous period. What they did account as a grievous violation of their liberty, and sought to resist, was the claim of the sovereign to extort under threats and penalties what by the terms of their tenure of frank almoign it was for the Church to give freely; and they felt their grievance to be all the more serious, because the King's object in thus over-riding the liberty of the Churches to give freely of their own, was to coerce them into contributing sums which strained their resources far more than the taxation imposed on the laity strained theirs.

As the object of this article is to explain what the mediæval Catholics meant by their liberties, the recognition of which was accorded to them in the various Charters, we do not need to go through the whole history of the fierce conflicts between Crown and Church which raged around this question of the Church's liberties. But as we have given one example to illustrate the assaults on freedom of election, we will take one more which illustrates the exactions on Church property.

A good instance of this can be taken from the reign of Edward I. Unlike his father, whose expenditure was remarkable for its moderation, Edward I. embarked on a policy of dynastic aggression, which soon involved him in wars with Wales, Scotland and France, wars that were enormously expensive and strained almost to the breaking point the financial resources of the country. He tried to meet these expenses by imposing ruinous taxation on the barons, and aroused in them a deep feeling of discontent. On the Church he could not impose taxation, as it was well understood that the Church was not liable to that, but he demanded grants on a similar, indeed on a still higher scale, as when he summoned the clergy of both provinces to meet him, on September 21, 1294, at Westminster, and then, when they offered him a tenth part of their incomes for the year, he refused indignantly, and demanded a half of their incomes. This was a monstrous exaction, and what made it harder was that the year previous the King had obtained from Pope Nicholas IV. leave to re-

quire the tenth of all the ecclesiastical benefices for the next six years. The new Archbishop Winchelsey of Canterbury was out of the country at the time, and bereft of his support, the clergy, thus importuned and terrified by the threat of being outlawed, submitted to the imposition. But the next year the King repeated his demand, and was with difficulty induced to accept a tenth instead of the third or fourth he had asked for. In the November of 1296, he renewed his demand for a fifth, but meanwhile the Bull, *Clericis Laicos*, of Boniface VIII. had been published, which forbade, under pain of excommunication, the laity to demand, or the clergy to submit to, exactions on the property of the Church, unless the permission of the Apostolic See had been first obtained. Accordingly on this occasion, Archbishop Winchelsey showed that he had inherited the spirit of St. Anselm and St. Thomas à Becket. Strengthened by his fortitude the clergy respectfully assured the King that they could not disobey the injunctions of the Holy See by paying what was asked of them, but that they would do their best, and send an embassy to Rome to ask for the needful permission. This, however, made the King more angry than ever, and he proceeded to carry out his threat of outlawing the whole of the clergy of England, and hence of seizing all their possessions. Much misery befell them in consequence, but Edward I. was not like John. He could be arbitrary, but he could see and feel for those on whom his rule pressed hard, and in the year following this outbreak against the clergy he received the Archbishop with kindness and restored to him his confiscated goods. On that occasion he addressed the people from the steps of Westminster Hall with the Archbishop and the Earl of Warwick by his side. He acknowledged that he had laid hard burdens on them all, but pleaded that he had acted in their interest as much as his own; that they were surrounded by cruel enemies, who wished for their destruction, and it was well, therefore, that they should sacrifice a part of their goods for the security of the whole. The emotions of all, King, clergy and laity were stirred by the scene, and, though the end of the conflict was not yet reached, things were much improved from then onwards, and the way was prepared for that Confirmation of the Charters, of September 30, 1297, which, whilst reiterating what had been in their previous versions, and adding some new provisions, placed the liberties of both clergy and laity on a firmer basis. This

was because, since 1273, Parliament had been reconstituted substantially on the lines which have prevailed ever since. Besides the lords, spiritual and temporal, four knights from each county, and four burgesses from each city, composed it, and by the terms of the Confirmation of the Charters no further taxation could be validly imposed without the consent of these. Of course, such-like invasions of the liberties of the people, of the clergy and the laity, did not stop dead as a result of this measure, but a principle was laid down which made it more and more difficult as time went on for the sovereign to over-ride them.

We have perhaps said enough to establish conclusively what were the liberties of the Church which the first clause in Magna Carta had in mind when it claimed that they should be inviolable. Still it will not be inappropriate to quote a few words from the Charter *de libertatibus clericorum*, published by Edward IV. in 1462, and granting to the clergy "all the protection of the ecclesiastical laws that are observed in other countries." For they testify that the religious conviction of the English people as to the divine sanction which encompassed these liberties of the Church, was still persistent at a date not much anterior to the act of Tudor tyranny which carried the oppression of these liberties so far as to break the very bond which held this country in the unity of the Catholic Church, by uniting it with the Communion with the See of Peter.

Whereas [says the *sciatis* clause in this Charter of Edward IV.] among other causes of the many and great calamities with which Almighty God has hitherto permitted our Kingdom on account of its sins to be afflicted, we fear and believe that the chief of all is that the prelates and ministers of the Church of England have not been permitted quietly and freely to enjoy the liberties, privileges, and customs of the Universal Church which none of the faithful can violate without incurring the punishment of various censures. . . .

We may conclude by calling attention to the bearing of this mediæval conflict upon a conflict now going on in the Anglican Church. As we have had occasion incidentally to observe, the acts of Henry VIII., which withdrew the ecclesiastical organization of this country from its spiritual allegiance to the Apostolic See, placed it outside the unity of the Catholic Church, and hence broke off its continuity with the

mediæval Church of England. But if no longer spiritually continuous with the past it is assimilated to that past to this extent, that it has become, in the eyes of the English civil law, the possessor of the old titles, of the old organization, at least in its exterior aspects, of the old endowments, and of the majority of the same race. The price at which it obtained these advantages was the full acceptance of that State servitude which the mediæval Church, protected as it was by the Apostolic See, so persistently rejected. From the time of the Reformation to the present day this enslaved Church has hardly felt the pressure of its chains, so thoroughly Erastian had its spirit become. But of late the minds of many of its members have become largely disillusioned. They have come to realize that if they do not consider themselves to be, even in their Church capacity, a mere department of the State, at all events it is as such that the State, nowadays embodied in an all-powerful Parliament, and led by the so-called ecclesiastical lawyers, is in the habit of treating them—with the result that all their spiritual yearnings, and the schemes for religious improvement by which they seek to give effect to them, are ever being frustrated by the domination of a power that has no sympathy with their aspirations.

These are the ideas which inspired the (Anglican) Church Reform League which held a public meeting at the Church House last June to celebrate the 700th anniversary of the signing of Magna Carta, precisely in order to connect their own efforts to gain for their Church a further degree of liberty of religious action with that ancient vindication of the rights of the Church. Speeches were made on the occasion by the Bishop of Lichfield, who presided, Lord Justice Phillimore, and the Dean of Lincoln, all of whom harped on this theme of the need of Church liberty. As the reports of their meeting attest, they understood the claim of Magna Carta correctly, by contrast with the grotesque misconception of Lord Selborne and some now antiquated controversialists, and appreciated its true bearing and significance as a protest against the domination of the secularist government. It was this fact which suggested the line taken by this present article.

S. F. S.

"A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS"

I.

IT was the most persistent bell! Mrs. Desmond had been driven out into her balcony by the last upsetting touch of an upsetting week. First, to be storm-stayed at Dover for four whole days! The thing was unprecedented, even in December. And it simply wrecked her plan of reaching Rome for Christmas Eve.

Then, the new Maid-Attendant for an Invalid Lady.

Mrs. Desmond was accustomed to such. She knew the watchful care, the untiring services, by which alone an invalid lady can keep a maid-attendant on her feet. That so typical a specimen as Simmons, even by her name, declared herself to be, should be badly sick at sea, was inevitable. That she should become more actively cross on landing, and should be incapable, at the Paris Douane, of so much as finding keys in her own pocket, was all in the day's work. But that, after a long night's rest in sumptuous quarters at the *Entente Colosse* and two *déjeuners* (the *petit* and the other), she should relapse, take to her bed, and pronounce herself unable to travel anywhere that day or night—this was really a little extra.

Mrs. Desmond could not leave the woman. She must give up, not only Rome, but the alternative scheme for Christmas, improvised by wire with an old friend at Tours, and stay where she was.

So Simmons slept the sleep of the self-respecting English-woman, who isn't going to be poked away in a country town with a lot of Frenchies, for Christmas, when there's a chance of spending it in a big hotel with one's equals—English ladies' maids and gentlemen's gentlemen. And Mrs. Desmond came up from the long, dull dinner that the monotonous monster-hotel presents to its patrons all the world over, and sat down beside her bedroom fire.

No Midnight Mass for her to-night. Her invalidism was a matter of heart-trouble, and she was forbidden to go out alone. She took a book and settled to read quietly, and she was gradually leaving behind her the baffling incidents of the

day, when—crash—swirl—crash—the room was filled—was reeling—with the fortissimo pound of Kühner's Band!

A ball! Beginning at ten—to last, therefore, till two or three—to which her room, *au premier*, was a near neighbour—whose din she could not choose but hear all night!

She put away her book. Too tired to fight the new disturbance, she submitted to it.

An hour passed. And then the intolerable happened.

Preluded by an added hubbub of raised disputing voices, of laughter, and of hand-clapping—in deference to somebody's absurd archaic suggestion—Kühner's Band struck up the Blue Danube.

Fifteen years ago, beside the sparkling waves of Lucerne, a white-faced, stammering boatman came and stood in front of Mrs. Desmond, and told her that her only son was drowned. And the hotel band, while he spoke, was playing the Blue Danube.

Thus it was that at eleven o'clock on Christmas Eve, Mrs. Desmond threw a cloak round her, opened the tall window, and stepping out on the narrow balcony, in the keen, clear air, drew the windows close shut behind her.

II.

And behold! The sounds from below might do their worst. They were swamped, extinguished, carried under, in the brave clangour of the Christmas bells!

The relief, the joy of the conquering sounds rang through the listener. She stood there, taking them for a long while as they came—an indistinguishable medley. But presently the mass of sound receded—so it seemed—not in strength, but in importance, and all the bells but one became no more than a deep supporting background to the note of that paltry one.

Such a poor bell: modern—cheap—soon to be cracked and useless. But how its Tang—Tang—Tang—stood out to-night! How it persisted—insisted. How it called!

Called—tang—called—tang—called—tang.

— Called *her*? Surely, yes. Surely the trivial *contre-temps* of these past days took a meaning, now, and a voice, in the call, call, call, of that bell.

The many-coloured, laughing, talking flood of guests—flowing over from the hall into the stairways and passages—hardly looked at the tall woman who came down in a long

cloak and lace mantilla: she was leaving early—that was all.

But the head-porter looked at her twice. It was his *métier* to remember faces, and this—surely this was an inmate of the hotel—number 20 *bis*, in fact. Yet she was going out. Yes. She walked past him to the door.

He ran after her.

Could he call a taxi for Madame?

No. Madame wished only to be informed what church it was, and where, that owned that single hammering bell.

Church bells! The porter began to see daylight.

This visitor was not one of the merry millionaires who made the usual *clientèle* of the *Entente Colosse*. This was the Intelligent Traveller, in search of local colour. He hastened to oblige her.

Madame wished to witness a Midnight Mass? He dared to suggest a visit to the Madeleine. . . . Music of the most ravishing, and an attendance—an attendance *tout-à-fait snob*.

Madame thanked him with a smile that showed that his latest English idiom had found appreciation. But she pressed her first inquiry.

That bell? But it was the bell of a building wholly unworthy of Madame's notice.

The porter maintained his point with warmth. It was not to the advantage of the *Entente* that its visitors should penetrate to the huddle of mean shops that lay in its rear.

That church, he assured her, was poor and plain—and even new. Let Madame figure to herself—a new church! New as the provision-market for the benefit of whose people it had been put up. And poor as —

"As the shepherds, *mon ami, n'est-ce pas?*"

"Shepherds! . . . Shepherds? . . ." A moment's puzzlement and the many-sided man was on the spot.

This visitor was pious.

Nothing for it but to give her her way, and her directions—first to the right and first to the left—round to the back of the hotel, in fact: and to open the door for her with the gesture of sympathy that is too profound for words.

III.

The church was empty. Or so it seemed. But the lights were so low that there might be worshippers scattered in the gloom.

There were none within the rays of the lamp which showed

the Presence of the Word made Flesh. And none before the Crib.

Mrs. Desmond came and knelt there. The tired hurry in her brain was still. She did not ask why she was here, against all her ordinary routine of prudence. She knelt—not asking anything—adoring—and offering. Fifteen years ago she had made her offering, and had renewed it—how many times! She looked at the images that tried to be poor enough for God and His Mother, and by the hands of the Mother whose heart is pierced, she renewed her offering to the Son who willed it so.

"Madame imagines there's no one but herself wants a word to-night with the Infant Jesus?"

Mrs. Desmond looked up startled.

The speaker was a sturdy market-woman, in a big, white cap; behind her and around her pressed and peeped an incoming crowd. Mrs. Desmond had knelt longer than she knew. The church was now ablaze with lights and packed—she would have said—with people. Packed or not, newcomers, men, women and children, were still crowding in. She rose quickly, ceding the *prie-Dieu* with a gentle apology, and, while she doubted which way to move, she was caught in the current of the crowd, and carried forward up a side aisle.

She looked this way and that for an empty chair. There was none, or none that she could see. But here at last, to the left, were a couple of steps that led to a railed-off chapel.

With a struggle she gained them, stood above the heads of the crowd, and could breathe.

She could almost laugh, too, in the excitement of her strange position—hemmed in—alone among strangers—in all the conditions most definitely forbidden her as dangerous to life. But to go back against that tide was quite impossible, and the emergency of danger to herself was one that she was accustomed to face. She took her missal and scribbled under the name, Nora Desmond, on the flyleaf, the address—*Entente Colosse*. That done, she committed herself to God's good pleasure, and proceeded to cast anchor as best she could in her present harbourage, by getting a firm hold of the tall chapel railings.

The railing moved under her hands. It was a gate—un-

locked. With a gasp of relief, she pushed it open, and passed into the chapel.

IV.

The first impression of black darkness, following on the bright light she had left, changed imperceptibly to one of twilight.

As she sat panting in the chair to which she had groped her way, objects emerged dimly, one by one, from the gloom. The glint of altar-rails, touches of gold in a picture behind the altar, by degrees even the figures in this picture were faintly seen. A train of women carrying food. This was St. Geneviève's chapel, then.

She was leaning forward to examine the picture more closely, when something white to the left of the altar caught her eye. She looked—looked again—and could not look away. Two ungloved hands that gripped the back of a chair—that was all. Slight hands. A woman's. The figure they belonged to was young, Mrs. Desmond guessed. It was proud, she saw. It stood erect, defiant, the head held high. Insolently high, if those hands had been in shadow.

But those strained white knuckles! That fiercely clenched grip! Drowning hands, clutching the boat's edge, desperate against the falling knife, might look like these. They told the anguish of a soul.

And the horror that grew around Nora Desmond as she looked at them—rising mist-like, and thickening: enveloping her, stifling her—was not made up of anguish only. Fear was here, but there was a worse companion in this place than fear. There was a hovering cruelty. It played with its prey, exulting, and threatening to hack away the soul's last hold—exulting, and whispering the suggestion to "let go!"

Mrs. Desmond, long accustomed to mother the lonely, was close to a worse need than she had ever guessed at—and she was powerless. For now, when most she wished for strength, her bodily weakness found her. She could not move to reach, to touch that rigid figure. And now—she could not pray.

So near, in the lighted church, the happy Christian people were round their Lord. She could see them, while she knelt, struggling with her growing exhaustion—as if from another life. The long train of boys filing in, red-cassocked, white-surplised, the priest following; the chant rose: . . . *Dominus dixit ad me: Filius meus es tu . . . Quare fremuerunt gentes . . .*

Out there, the Holy Sacrifice beginning.

Here, the tempted, the tempter, and the Christian soul beside them paralyzed.

She would not accept defeat. She panted after God in the dry land. She thanked Him that she was kneeling to Him, if no more. And quick as thought the gloating Enemy was showing her how his victim did not kneel, but stood. . . . She knelt on, imploring by her incapacity to implore.

In the church, sounds—like angels dropping earthward, one, and one, and then in troops—were calling the faithful to come in their company and adore the Most Humble.

Here the limed soul still stood: rigid in the two-faced insult; pride, and despair.

Silence followed: angels and men expecting the coming of the King of angels.

He came. Every head was bowed but one. Then Nora Desmond lifted her failing eyes and looked at Him, and the Abyss of Power looked, too, at the abyss of impotence, and made her prayer His.

V.

A rending agony in the brain, and then—not death—consciousness.

A minute or so of sheer rest from the exertion of coming back to life, and of complete indifference to circumstances.

Then Mrs. Desmond began to wonder where those ugly curtains came from. She had never bought curtains like those.

An inexorable spoon now poured something down her throat. The something was raw brandy.

She never took brandy, but, short of a choking fit, which she felt unable to risk at present, there was no way of refusing it.

She reflected that that was just like—who? She was dimly reminiscent of a personality that would be sure to give her the wrong thing, but it took her quite a long while to find a name to fit it.

The name, when found, was Simmons.

The spoon clinked against the glass again, threateningly, and this spurred her to a whisper:

"I shall be drunk, you know, Simmons."

A sudden, surprised, suppressed, young laugh—not a bit like Simmons.

"Goodness!" said the patient. "Who in the world——"

"If it isn't to be brandy," asked who-in-the-world, "what is it?"

"Drops . . . Mantel-piece . . . Heart-Seizure . . . La-belled."

"Here we are," said the voice, triumphantly.

"But—who?"

"Ten drops in water," said the voice. "Let's stick to the point."

Another clink. Another spoonful. Another space of blank indifference.

Then Mrs. Desmond got right up on her elbow, and looked at a slight girl in black, who was putting a bit of coal on the fire with the little tongs. The room was familiar to her now, with the dead familiarity of the hotel room that promises "English Comfort."

But the nurse?

"Who?" she asked again.

"A complete stranger." The voice had a colder touch now. The girl turned.

With a whirling rush things came back to Mrs. Desmond.

Last night—no—to-night—for the noise of the dance was coming up still from the floor below—the chapel—the struggle—the prayer—the ensuing agony, that she had accepted whole-heartedly as death.

"*You!*" she cried, and stretched out her arms.

The girl came slowly, staring. For whom did this sick woman take her?

She had to kneel, in common pity, to catch the words that came so faintly.

"*You*, my child!" said Mrs. Desmond.

The girl could not wrench her hands from the weak hands. But she drew herself back, frowning.

"You don't know me," she said. "It's a mistake. You fainted and I was the only English person. So I came."

"God is good," said Nora Desmond.

"But I've sent for your maid. She'll come directly. And then I'll leave you."

"No," said Mrs. Desmond. "You couldn't. *You couldn't*, my dear,—not when you see Simmons."

In the event, she didn't.

As for her story: the past is known to God and to Nora Desmond, and the future is Nora's affair, and His.

P. DILLON.

M. E. YOUNG.

THE APPELLANT CONTROVERSY

V. THE SETTLEMENT AT ROME.

A LETTER from the Duke of Sessa, then Spanish Ambassador at Rome, fortunately survives to give us a summary of the situation at the period we have now reached. It also indicates, not obscurely, the lines on which the contest would work itself out. Beginning with some comments on the Gallican tendencies of the Appellant books published in England, he continues, ironically:

Those who are here indeed deny their responsibility for these books, and say that the divisions have arisen, because the zeal of Father Persons and the rest is not really for religion, but for Spain. They declare that he treats the English like slaves in order to sell them to your Majesty, who will then make Persons a cardinal and Blackwell a bishop. These men also declare that Persons' party is really small, while those who desire religion only [*i.e.* themselves] cannot patiently endure the position of opposition to which the said Persons and the Archpriest (whom they entirely identify with the Jesuits) have reduced them, and seek to keep them, having made profit out of the Archpriest's authority, in order to declare their opponents rebels, excellent Catholics though they really are.

By such pleas they have managed to throw a heavy shade over Persons and *los buenos* not only in the eyes of the Pope, but also in the estimation of certain Cardinals, who though notoriously belonging to the party of Scotland and France, endeavour to appear neutral, and full of zeal for the service of God and the Holy See;¹ and God (alas for our sins) allows many grave persons, and even some of the Sacred College to credit them, until they make even his Holiness waver. Even though he appears to see their frauds, yet he talks to me of the Archpriest being imprudent, and of the Jesuits being somewhat passionate, to say the least of it, for they want to apply to Catholics in England the same rigid discipline, as their general is wont to use in governing those of their order. They do not reflect that the Queen of England and the majority of the people being heretics, the Catholics must be attracted and preserved by suavity and kind words, rather than by fear: for there is no force to compel or restrain anyone, however bad.

¹ From a Spanish point of view Henri IV. as the ally of Protestant Holland (then still at war with Spain) and the advocate of a Protestant successor in England, was not acting as be seemed a good Catholic.

The truth is that his Holiness, broadly speaking, is not well affected towards the Jesuits, and thinks poorly of their system of government, and he has given severe reprimands to the General, and does so daily, unless I am mistaken in what I have heard lately. And although he considers Persons a good man, the bad offices, which have been used against him, do not fail to have some effect on his Holiness. At least they persuade the Pope that the Jesuit is a partisan and wholly Spanish. It was not enough that Persons should answer this admirably by saying, that if he and other Englishmen had favoured your Majesty's government, it was because there was not in christendom, another prince so zealous, so able, so desirous to free England from the oppression of the heretics, or to reduce it entirely to Catholic religion, and obedience to the Holy See, that the Catholic fugitives and exiles had found neither support, favour nor protection any where else. Let any one show him a better way of reaching the principal object, which he and other Catholics must aim at, and he would follow it and get others to do the same. Also that he was certain that your government had always had the same object, and that any Catholic government in England would always be friendly to your Majesty's.

Persons and the rest of his side, now (perceiving that the Pope means to act with clemency towards the *sediciosos*, who have come in person to submit to him) represent to his Holiness that the least he can do is to make them confess that the doctrine in the scandalous books (though they deny these books to be theirs) is bad, and that this should be made known in England. If the complainants have done no wrong, this will cause them no harm. If they have, their method of procedure will be seen through there. The errors of the books should be condemned by brief, that good Catholics may be on their guard against such pernicious doctrine.

As to the Archpriest, the defendants are earnest in proving to the Pope what troubles would result from removing him . . . while this is not the time for making bishops, or creating more than one superior—though the said *sediciosos* maintain that the creation of the Archpriest was the occasion of all the trouble. . . .

I do not know yet what his Holiness will decide, and I will cooperate (indeed I have done so) so far as shall be appropriate. When the time comes I will, if I can, induce his Holiness to give these *sediciosos* some entertainment over here, and if necessary your Majesty might give them livings in Naples. On the other hand Father Persons, Fitzherbert and others do not think well to mention this to his Holiness, until we see how the negotiations proceed, by reason of the above-mentioned suspicions, which have been raised against the Father. Certainly it causes me much pain to see the persecution, which Father Persons and other

good Catholics his friends are undergoing, and to note how powerful the frauds of the devil are to deceive people in this court, notwithstanding the holy intention, and zeal of the Pontiff. From Rome, 25 April, 1602.

It has been said, and not without a certain truth, that the two Ambassadors of France and Spain played an almost more important part in the debates than the parties immediately concerned. But one also sees from the Duke's letter how different his methods from those of de Béthune. There is nothing here of *la furie française*, or of the unscrupulosity in attack which Cecil and de Béthune between them carried to such lengths. The Spaniard is grave and dignified, but regards the whole matter with a somewhat distant air. He is sorry for Father Persons, but he does not fling himself into the strife at the head of his forces, as de Béthune was wont to do. His style of speaking of Appellants as *los sediciosos* is certainly objectionable, and so is the hint dropped about preventing their return. But he uses irony not to misrepresent their case, but to signify to the Spanish Court the truth as to what was going on in the Curia. He tells us also of the lines on which the Archpriest side meant to defend their case, lines which, as we shall see, they followed till the end.

When the Commission reopened after Easter very rapid progress was made at first. The reason for this was that, while the Archpriest's representatives were struggling with the necessarily lengthy indictment of the books, the Appellants themselves had been discussing beforehand with the Cardinal Relatores the papers they were about to bring into Court. One of these, entitled "Our Reasons for Controversy," had already been submitted to the Cardinal d'Ossat on March 19th, who, besides other good advice, made them add an *Annexum* in which they apologized for "anything that might offend." Then, after discussion with the *Relatores* on the 23rd, 24th and 30th, it was entirely rewritten and no doubt much improved. It next appeared as three distinct papers under Latin headings. 1) The *Gravamina*, against Blackwell and his actual rule; 2) *Incommoda* of the system of Archpriest rule; and 3) *Remedia* or *Considerationes*, containing suggestions for reform. After still further discussions they were fair copied and given into Court about April 23rd.

As we have explained that the Court was not merely judicial, there is no need to say much of the favour, somewhat

strange according to our notions, which was shown by the Presidents in helping one side to draw up its case against the other. Still, if the Cardinals really went so far, as Mush relates, viz., to promise a speedy and *favourable* verdict, this would in any case have been imprudent. But the probability is that the sanguine Mush misunderstood them. For when later on an air of a more judicial impartiality had to be maintained, he bursts out angrily and contemptuously in his diary, "We begin to hope for little good at these Cardinals' hands, when in so clear and manifest a case, wherein our 'Reasons' convinced them, we could have so little justice and favour." In reality, however, Cardinal Borghese, the future Paul V., had been one of the oldest friends of their party, having stood by the recalcitrant scholars as far back as 1596.¹

When the Appellants' papers had been received, they were handed over to the Archpriest's side to be answered, and in the meanwhile both sides brought into Court their *probationes*.

Though it was only in these cases a question of simple quotations, verifying of handwritings and the like, neither side would admit the least thing that told against themselves. The Appellants rejected every citation from their party's books, as "neither truly alledged nor deserving of censure"—while the Archpriest's side "would not confesse anything proved" (so Mush)² out of the papers shown to them. Well might Cardinal Arrigoni say, "we were *terribiles* on both sides," a striking phrase, which accurately hits off one chief characteristic of these debates. This was also the occasion on which Mush thought it appropriate to make the contemptuous notes about the Cardinals, quoted above.

We must now turn to the papers put in by the Archpriest side. The Duke of Sessa has explained that their main contention would be to prevent any change of system during the present ferment. Accordingly we find that their first *Scriptum* was on this subject, that, "any change of the actual system of government was liable to serious inconveniences and dangers." Then, on receiving the three Appellant papers,

¹ When Bishop and Charnock came to Rome in 1598, they at once applied to Borghese for aid, but as Caietano was then back in Rome, Borghese had to follow the lead of his principal the protector, and gave them no support, and Haydock sending home news of this, remarks that the new-comers, "must learn that the world is changed." *Archpriest Controversy*, i. 102.

² How unreliable Cecil's reports are is shown by this, that he says the Jesuits on this occasion were "struck dumb" by the sight of the *probationes*! *Archpriest Controversy*, ii. 11, 13.

of which the third contained their proposed reforms, the Archpriest's procurators immediately answered this third part before the others; and in it they professed to prove "the newly proposed reforms have more inconveniences than any others."

Unfortunately we have only a quarter of the Appellant papers, only a half of the Archpriest *Scripta*, so that it is almost impossible to follow their arguments consecutively. Upon the whole we may say that, though the debate was carried on at a higher level than in the battle of books, neither was yet calm enough to deal fairly, much less generously, with their opponents. Nevertheless, as these papers were intended, not for publication, but for the information of a Court, we may also say that they were probably quite sufficient (when supplemented by oral inquiries) to let the Cardinals obtain an adequate and reliable view of the matter before them.

As for the system of reform suggested by the Appellants, it was based on much the same ideas as those of which we heard during the first Appeal. The clergy were to elect their own Superiors. If the office of Archpriest were retained, there should be many of them, and they should be re-elected yearly, or triennially, and there should be a good deal of official machinery; accounts, for instance, should be audited, even those for alms. These suggestions were interlarded with many bitter attacks on the Jesuits, and on the reigning Archpriest, whose malpractices (they declared) cried out for drastic corrections.

The answer of the defendants may easily be imagined from their previous papers on the same subjects. Of all possible suggestions, these (they say) are the very worst, and of course it was not difficult to show that they contained much that was impracticable, wrong-headed, and out of keeping with ecclesiastical tradition. Though the writers are more restrained than their adversaries, they too cannot quite keep clear from pretty strong accusations, declaring that the men who made such proposals must be ambitious and lovers of tumult.

When this paper was given to the Appellants (May 3rd) it seems to have roused them to fury, and on the 22nd they handed back a rabid diatribe against Father Persons and the Jesuits. They re-hash all the complaints contained in their former books against Father Weston at Wisbech, against Father Holt in Flanders; while they attempt to overwhelm Father Persons by charging him with every real or imaginary

mistake made or reported on the Catholic side for the last twenty years. Not that there was anything novel in this abuse itself, the remarkable thing was that it should have done so solemnly in a paper submitted directly to the highest authorities in the Roman Court, that it should not only have presented without a word of proof, but with the declared principle, *Si quid erratum est, in solo P. Personio cudenda est jaba*. (If any mistake has been made, Father Persons alone must bear the blame.)¹ This deliberate mud-throwing went on for several weeks. At all events there was no wonder that the Cardinals, on receiving this answer, kept it to themselves, and put an end to all further interchange of papers; and herewith the period of inquiry begins to close, and the preparation for the judgment commences.

Both sides now had audiences with the Pope on June 19th to sum up their pleadings. The Archpriest's proctors, abandoning all direct defence of Blackwell, only begged that the Pope, before he showed favour to the Appellants, would make them offer some sort of apology for their various excesses. As for the trump card of the Appellants, the promise of toleration, if they and their policy were favoured at Rome, Elizabeth had lately shown her hand again by murdering three priests and three laymen, with all the wonted barbarities. The proctors briefly returned to this, and added further details of unceasing persecution. All this, it will be noted, squares with the policy, described by the Duke of Sessa, of confining their efforts to the task of preserving the *status quo ante*, and is a tacit acknowledgment that even this may not be easy.

If they had been present at John Cecil's audience on the same day, they would have found still further reasons for their care and self-restraint. Cecil began by frankly acknowledging the general objects of Franco-Appellant alliance. Though his demands were not expressed with the same vigour as de Béthune had used in March, they coincided well enough with the Frenchman's programme. There was to be (a) a general prohibition of all political action, which might irritate Protestants, and (b) the French were to be asked to become protectors of English Catholicism. As to the Archpriest controversy itself, the Appellants asked (a) for a public sentence in their favour; (b) the removal of the Archpriest,

¹ *Archpriest Controversy*, ii. p. 128. This principle is indeed applied avowedly only to the events of the last few years, but in practice no paragraph is free from it.

and of Archpriest government; (c) the removal of the Jesuits *a castris et congressibus nostris*, a vague phrase, which might, however, include a good deal.

Then, warming to his task, he launched out against the Jesuits and Father Persons with all the vehemence shown in the *Refutatio Personii*, adding that still heavier charges would be presented in writing by the French Ambassador.

The Pope listened to everything, and answered with his usual great moderation.

"As to your chimera about toleration, I really know not what to say. Your whole endeavours are directed to this, to bring charges against Father Persons, and to overthrow those who are now so intent on doing us good service." As for this controversy, the Pope promised satisfaction for their innocence; the removal of the Jesuits from connexion with their government; to do justice in regard to the Archpriest, and to think maturely over the other important proposals. When Cecil again returned to declamation against Persons, he answered: "We will see what the French Ambassador says, and act without prejudice to religion."

Though we have no other evidence for this interview except that of John Cecil himself, an adventurer, on whose honesty *per se* no reliance should be placed; still, broadly speaking, his story here fits in so well with what we know of the circumstances from other more reliable sources, that we are bound for the time to accept it, as the best available account of an exchange of views, which undoubtedly took place. In any case the interview is a strange one, which needs reflection, for any of the previous Popes would certainly have turned the speaker out of his room for so contumelious an attack on one of the most energetic and obedient of their servants, whom Clement himself had for so many years trusted and employed.

At this we shall naturally remember that phrase from the Duke of Sessa's letter, "The truth is that his Holiness, broadly speaking, is *not* well affected to the Jesuits . . . Although he considers Persons a good man, the bad offices done to him have their effect, they persuade the Pope that the Jesuit is a partisan and wholly Spanish." It will be noticed, however, that the Pope does not express agreement with any of Cecil's charges. His protest against the attack is indeed ominously mild, but the next proceeding in the case show that Cecil's speech had not advanced the Appellants' cause in papal

esteem; while, even from a purely Jesuit point of view, there is much to be said for a policy of patience. For the Pope was at this very time endeavouring to persuade the French to recall the Jesuits to France, and considering the bellicose temperament of Henri IV., Clement could not expect to succeed in this, without allowing Henri's representatives, like the pugnacious de Béthune, the fullest freedom in discussing reasons to the contrary. Under which circumstances he would also have to allow de Béthune's advisers, like Cecil, a similar licence.

What may perhaps help to explain Cecil's endeavours to make the breach with Persons final was that the Jesuit was all the while endeavouring to make peace. Several Cardinals, and finally also the Pope, joined in these endeavours (showing, one may remark in passing, how little he accepted Cecil's abuse at its face-value). It may perhaps be that de Béthune and Cecil feared that the Pope would enforce peace, and so rob the Frenchman of the laurels he coveted. The climax to this will come later.

Persons' idea of arranging peace had first arisen from a conversation of Richard Parker, one of the Archpriest's proctors, with Mush on April 27th. At Whitsuntide (May 25th), Father Persons gave some very strong, broad-minded letters to two young Jesuit missionaries (Fathers Jackson and Hunt) who were then starting for England, on the great care and generosity necessary to maintain peace at whatever cost: and in the same spirit he wrote himself to Mush, begging him to work for the same object. It was a good letter, but not quite good enough; because it did not exclude the interpretation, "If this is not accepted, the fault will be yours." But, however this may be, the offer contrasts well with the sordid mischief-making of the Appellants' spokesman, which, as we shall now see, did not accelerate his cause.

The Pope had promised to pass final sentence on the Appellant controversy immediately upon St. John Baptist's, midsummer's day; when that day arrived, he ordered instead a new and more thorough inquiry. It may be that the rough language of Cecil and de Béthune made him doubt whether it would be wise or judicious to wind up the cause amid clamour of that sort. It seems likely, too, that the stately Duke of Sessa was aroused by Father Persons to bestir himself again, and to press on the Pope once more the inopportuneness of making changes under present circumstances.

Whatever the reason may have been, instead of giving his verdict on the 24th, an order came out enlarging the Commission of Cardinals from two to six, and transferring the sessions to the Holy Office, where proceedings were carried on with greater secrecy, and with more obvious independence of possible pressure from ambassadors and other wire-pullers. Cardinals Borghese and Arrigoni continued to be presidents (*Relatores*) of the Commission, but as they were known to be pro-French, there was reason for balancing them with others, who were acknowledged representative of the traditional Roman views. The French, and the Appellants, took this change as an act unfavourable to themselves; but I do not see that they had any reason for thinking so, except that it postponed a judgment, which they regarded as already won for themselves.

De Béthune therefore insisted on speed, and in spite of the summer heats, the Commission went to work again at once. Fresh copies of the principal papers previously delivered were put in again, while members of both contending parties went round to interview the new commissioners, and to explain to them their respective causes. On July 12th the Appellants were paternally warned to have patience, "if we had not all granted that we desired"; and on the 20th the Commission drew up a long *censura* containing fourteen sections, which, after being reconsidered and sanctioned by the Holy Father, was communicated to both parties on August 9th.

While reprimanding both parties severely, the Archpriest's failings are put first and commented upon in greater detail. He was declared to have frequently abused his powers, and to have been mistaken in his theory of Schism, rebellion and disobedience; as to which, if there is any excuse, it will be that he probably acted under bad advice [a hit at Father Lister and the Jesuits]. It was decided that he must no longer consult the Jesuits in matters connected with the government of the mission, and Cardinal Caietano's instructions were, in this respect, entirely abrogated. He was kept in office, however, and no change whatever was made in the constitution itself [a victory for the Archpriest]. Then turning to the Appellants (§ 10), a severe sentence is passed upon their books. Thus "very many injuries against the Jesuit Fathers" are condemned, and the "many things that savour of heresy." The commissioners think that they ought to be "altogether

prohibited and condemned," some were even of opinion that the Appellants ought, at least in general terms, to declare "their disallowance of the said books."

Then followed a severe prohibition of reading, or even retaining books on either side of the said controversy—so imperative had it become to silence it altogether. Finally came (§ 13) a strong prohibition of communication with heretics *in præjudicium Catholicorum*.

With this strong and ample decree we are now within sight of the end. All that remained was for the Pope, making use of the counsel here laid before him, to write and publish his letters *in forma brevis* in order to convey solemnly and to apply the decree to the persons for whom it was intended. There was therefore still room for smaller modifications to be proposed, both sides were informed that suggestions might be offered, and all (the Jesuits and the Archpriest's proctors in separate papers) availed themselves of the offer.

The supporters of the Archpriest suggested that the long catalogues of his mistakes should be given in shorter and more general terms. The Appellants on their side continued to press for the complete removal, both of the man and of the office. Conditionally, however, on this proving unacceptable, they begged they might at least be given some share in the government, *e.g.*, posts among the Assistants of the Archpriest, as these fell vacant. As this concession had already been suggested by Father Persons, there was every probability of its acceptance. And as he had also suggested beforehand the withdrawal of Caetano's clause about consulting the Jesuits, he now requested that this latter suggestion should be explicitly mentioned in the brief.

These important amendments, with others of less importance, were discussed and passed in four sessions, on the 15th and 28th of August, and the 6th and 12th of September. By this time the contents of the brief was finally settled, and the headings were ordered to be digested *in forma brevis*: and at this stage (it seems) the resolution was finally taken of giving up the definite charges against the books of the Appellants.

John Cecil had cunningly suggested that if the Appellants' books were condemned, those of the Jesuits should be censured too, naming in particular Father Southwell's *Supplication to the Queen*. This was one of Cecil's tricks. The *Supplication* is one of the most beautiful books of the per-

secution period; but it was and is, unfortunately, very little known. Persons had never seen it; he knew not what to say, and could not prevent a pause being called at de Béthune's instance, while the book was sent for. By this artifice time was won, and it was impossible to complete the censure on the whole controversy in time for it to be included in the brief. So the Pope decided to abandon the definite censure passed by the inquisition on the Appellant volumes, and to content himself with the suppression, as a precautionary measure, of all books on both sides.

This was especially fortunate for the Appellants, as they thereby escaped all direct blame. The reprehension of their initial disobedience which had been previously blamed by the brief of August, 1601, was not now reiterated (though the censures then passed on Blackwell were again repeated); on the contrary, a clause was inserted stating afresh that the Appellants had never been guilty of Schism or grave disobedience, and the important consequence was now drawn, that the question of absolving them, or restoring them their faculties, did not arise at all, as all the suspensions had been void from the first. The only blame attaching to them was conveyed in general terms, which, however, fitted their case well enough. The only persons to whom any praise was given were the Jesuits. This originated with the withdrawal of Caietano's oft-mentioned clause on consulting the Jesuits. To guard against a sinister interpretation some commendation of the Society became necessary, and it is given cordially.

Up till the last the Appellants believed that the brief would contain a clause prohibiting the Catholics from taking any share in political life (in order to mitigate the suspicions of the heretical Government), and when this did not appear, they thought the Spanish Ambassador had procured its removal. I fancy, however, that we have here one of the many false reports which were then current. No such matter is mentioned in any of the preliminary forms of the brief, nor in any of the proposals for its emendation, which survive in some numbers. The final petitions on the Archpriest side request the explicit condemnation of the Appellant books; not the withdrawal of any prohibition of politics. De Béthune and the Appellants had indeed demanded that prohibition, as we have seen above. But they sometimes mistakenly thought that French demands were as good as papal grants. This is perhaps another instance of the same prepossession.

On October 3rd the Pope endeavoured to get the two parties to go through a form of reconciliation. The matter had frequently been mentioned by Cardinals and others; and the Appellants had even consulted de Béthune what they should do, in case such an offer were made. When, however, the summons to the Vatican came, they did not know the purpose of the call, and it was only when they found their adversaries already in the papal antechamber that every one understood what was before them. "They placed themselves as far opposite the others as they could," and awaited the issue with real anxiety. After their gross abuse of Persons, how could they embrace him without shame? yet how could they refuse the Pope and pretend to be worthy representatives of the priesthood? In the end, however, the Pope was prevented by other business from coming to carry out his pacific intention; and the Appellants promptly hurried off to their Ambassador for help. This he immediately gave, representing to the Pope that it would be impossible for the Appellants to unite with Persons, "unless they were desirous of renouncing the patronage of their Princess, and of the King of France . . . for Persons had been declared the King's enemy." The Pope (according to Cecil) answered that he had not taken those serious consequences into consideration, and that under such circumstances he would not insist any further. With this all hopes of peace seemed at an end. The incident, which was in so many ways typical of the whole conflict, gives occasion for much reflection. But the Pope foresaw that, when once the legal principles had been settled, the mutual distrust (which he evidently did not believe to be as serious as was represented) would in great measure die down of itself; and this proved true.

On October 12th (N.S.) copies of the brief were at last given to the contending parties. They at once sent it to England, where it was intercepted by Elizabeth's spies at its arrival on November 3rd (13th, New Style). The Government responded by a new proclamation against the Catholic clergy, banishing them from the realm, lest it should be thought Elizabeth had ever meant to grant toleration, "God doth know our innocence of any such imagination." So ended that talk by de Béthune and the Appellants about "toleration," which the Pope had so justly declared a *chimera*.

But though Elizabeth, Cecil and Bancroft never had any

other object in view than the greater injury of the Catholic Church, as they state quite frankly in their private correspondence, still there is another side of the subject well worthy of consideration. Both Bancroft and Cecil were in favour of adopting less barbarous methods of persecution, and this resulted eventually in advantages to Catholicism much greater than the harm they did by fostering Catholic disunion. Out of the small mercies shown before Elizabeth's death considerable relaxations followed, when Laud had succeeded to Bancroft, and Charles to James. These things belong to the history of the next generation; but an allusion to them here will enable us to judge better of the changes which were now beginning, and will make us more lenient in our condemnation of those Catholic priests who consented to go some way with the "Pseudo-Bishop of London."

Elizabeth's proclamation orders the priests as a body to be exiled, and she declares that she is justified in this by the Appellants' books (evidently meaning those of Watson). The Appellant clique, however, might hope for a lighter punishment, but no details are given. The Puritans (whom this proclamation was intended to pacify) were meant to believe that they would be kept in confinement. Under these circumstances there is no wonder that even the Appellants were in no hurry to give themselves up.

At last, on February 1, 1603, four Appellants, Bluett, Charnock, Hepbourne and Barnaby presented themselves as representatives of a body of thirteen, and requested definite assurances that, if they did submit their faith would be respected, and they offered an oath of allegiance to the Queen. It had been drawn up in Paris, and was of a quasi-Gallican character, being chiefly occupied with protests of readiness to disobey the Pope in case of war between himself and Elizabeth. The offer was not very favourably received by Bancroft, and was presumably never formally accepted, for Elizabeth's death was now being daily expected, and it soon ensued. Therewith the possibility of real toleration had come, and for the moment there was a great relaxation of severity. Father Garnet wrote: "A golden time we have of unexpected freedom abroad."

One of the first ideas that then occurred to the old disputants on both sides was that this was the opportunity for arranging a new "atonement." As early as April 9th we find Father Garnet trying to bring about a conference between Watson and

Father Gerard, and Mush also was one of the foremost in the good work. Finally, on May 13th, a new agreement was concluded, of which it will suffice to quote here the first article:

That there shall be no strangeness amongst us, nor exception taken one against the other: but that we live in union and mutual love and friendly offices one towards the other, as Catholic priests ought to do, as though the controversy never had been.¹

Herewith ended the controversy, which had raged so long; and we are surely warranted in concluding from the rapidity with which (after the legal obstacles had been overcome) an agreement was arrived at, as soon as ever the impediment of persecution was out of the way, that a large part of the obstinacy of that conflict was really due to the nervous tension which the persecution had engendered.

Looking back on the settlement as a whole, we must say that the legislation of Rome had been thoroughly well done. Based on sound legal principles, it put an end for ever to the troubles with which it dealt. Never again would England be troubled by Church government after the fashion of the Tudor magistrate, such as Blackwell (however we may excuse his general good intentions) had striven to enforce; nor would Rome again issue a document liable to the misinterpretations to which Caietano's instructions were exposed.

Nevertheless the new decree did not initiate a bright, golden age, nor a period of deep and prolonged peace. Both sides had had recourse to new or violent remedies, the effects of which would be felt for generations. Chief among these novelties was that influx of French ideas, that impetuous exercise of French influence, of which we have necessarily heard so much, and of which so much remains to be said in future, that it will be prudent to abandon at once any attempt to foreshadow its history. What seems in place as an epilogue, is a few words regarding the immediate sequel to successes won by such men as John Cecil and de Béthune, to the freedom from censure which befell Watson's extraordinary publications, while old traditions and old advisers of the Holy See were abandoned. A few words about their fate during the next few years will throw all the light needed on this topic.

The success won by Dr. Cecil, though great, was short-lived. Thinking that he had now won a position, which

¹ R.O., *Dom James I.* vol. i, no. 8. Unfortunately there is no list of signatories. Watson stood out and possibly other extremists.

would be respected even by Elizabeth's ministers, he proceeded to London, sending before him a boastful letter describing the great services which he had rendered Elizabeth by his intrigues at Rome. The result proved exactly the contrary to what he had expected. Sir Robert Cecil, in accordance with the policy of the late proclamation, at once threw him into prison, while his letter falling into Catholic hands, was communicated both to the Pope and to the Appellants, both of whom were naturally disgusted, Dr. Bagshaw (October 8, 1603) expressing the wish "that he had never had a finger in our cause." Our adventurer succeeded, indeed, in wriggling out of this, as out of so many other tight places. But the power he had won in Rome was gone. In truth he had only succeeded as a discoverer of battlefields advantageous for the employment of de Béthune's *jurie française*. Left to himself his want of honesty or singleness of aim prevented his *finesse* from achieving any permanent success.

Of the other Appellants, whose history we have here touched upon, the subsequent careers of "honest John Mush" and of John Colleton, were the most honourable. Mush alone returned to his work in the vineyard while Bagshaw and the rest stayed on in France, and are chiefly remembered as controversialists, with friend as well as with foe. Colleton also remained "at the front," as we might say. He had a very long career indeed of usefulness, though he was not destined to enjoy the happiness of the peacemaker. He fought a good fight (*i.e.*, with excellent intentions) for another whole generation, and died with the din of battle ringing louder than ever around him.

Watson and Clerk, authors of the most objectionable of the Appellant books, had but a short span of life before them. Though they managed to evade the censure of the Inquisition, they were not so felicitous against Sir Robert Cecil. Having involved themselves in the Bye-Plot, these reckless calumniators of others as traitors, were soon made to pay in full the dreadful penalties of their real, though not very dangerous treasons. Watson is said to have asked pardon of the Jesuits before his death.

As for the leading names on the other side, Blackwell did not retrieve his reputation. He did, indeed, as before, discharge less onerous duties well. The rapidity with which he lived down his feud with Colleton and the rest does him no little credit; but when the next severe trial came, the perse-

cution connected with the Oath of Allegiance, he again showed his want of firm principle. He first condemned the oath, then took it under pressure, defended it, was deposed, and died without righting himself. A man who in easier circumstances might have borne the weight of ecclesiastical dignity creditably, but who was unequal to the strain of those arduous times.

Though Father Persons had still a decade of life before him, which he was destined to fill with good works, the violent jealousy of de Béthune continued to work against him so long as the Ambassador remained at Rome. This was most clearly seen in September, 1604, when the Frenchman persuaded the Pope to order his retirement from Rome, in order to ensure an understanding with King James. But this understanding soon after ended in smoke, like the intervention with Elizabeth, the Pope died, and de Béthune returned to France. After six months Persons was back and in high favour with Pope Paul V., who as Cardinal Borghese had so much befriended the Appellants.

To those who are not aware of the paternal character of papal rule in Rome, the incident may seem somewhat inexplicable; but its lesson is really quite simple. Clement wished to show that he was above petty partizanship, and no wise bound to put the defence or interests of a Jesuit before the general good of the Church. It was worth while, too, to take this odd way of demonstrating a matter, which to us may seem obvious, because there were in fact many in the entourage both of James and of de Béthune who believed just the contrary, who thought, for instance, that Persons had made the Pope erect the Archipresbyterate in England, just to suit the Jesuits' ambitions. Indeed, there are still people who take that view! It was, therefore, in Clement's eyes a much less evil, that he should be thought rough on a Jesuit, than that it should be imagined that he was subservient to the Order. From this point of view nothing could have been more felicitous for Persons himself, than his enforced holiday at Naples.

The year of Paul V.'s election, 1605, was also that of the Powder Plot, which was followed by the Oath of Allegiance, and by fresh persecution. The fiery interest of these new topics relegated the once burning subject of the Appellant Controversy to the realm of past history.

J. H. POLLEN.

DAUDET'S "CONTES DU LUNDI"

ANYTHING connected with the Franco-Prussian War has a peculiar interest for us at the present time, for though no doubt some sympathy with France was felt in this country in 1870, we have never before been in a position to appreciate the feelings of Frenchmen on the subject as we can to-day. Stories such as Daudet's, moreover, are full of allusions to circumstances and events strikingly like those of the present war. The place-names mentioned have a familiar ring; phrases occur which have now become almost proverbial, such as the comparison of the Germans with the Huns; references to the climatic conditions, to the objectionable conduct of the invaders, and to other details of the campaign, are just what we might read any morning in our newspapers. This resemblance is partly due to the fact that Daudet does not attempt to discuss the war as a whole, or to criticize it from a political or strategic point of view; he merely gives a series of pictures showing different aspects of it as they affected various classes or individuals. Thus we are left with the impression that these are the effects of war in general, or more especially of war against Germany; and instead of dwelling on the blunders and disasters of 1870, we can imagine ourselves in the midst of contemporary events.

There are only two or three of the stories which even suggest criticism of the generals responsible for carrying on the war. One is *Le Porte-drapeau*, which describes the surrender of Metz from the point of view of a sergeant in the French army.

When he woke one morning Hornus found the whole camp in an uproar, the soldiers, full of excitement, standing about in groups. There were shouts of rage; they shook their fists towards one part of the town, as if their anger marked out the culprit. Cries were heard of "Seize him! Shoot him!" And the officers let them say it. They walked apart, their heads down as if they were ashamed to face their men. It was a shameful thing, indeed. There had just been read to 150,000 soldiers, well-armed and able-bodied, the field-marshal's order surrendering them to the enemy without a battle.

Another very tragic little tale, which one can only hope has no foundation in fact, describes a French general play-

ing billiards while his army waits for orders. Even when the enemy begins to attack, he refuses to be interrupted; the soldiers, leaderless and without plans, defend themselves as well as they can, but without avail. The general wins his game, and at the same moment hears the sound of his army passing in confused and disorderly retreat.

The story called *La Mort de Chauvin*, which is in the nature of a political allegory, may be compared with these. Chauvin, typifying of course the spirit of exaggerated and aggressive patriotism, is represented as a big, red-faced, blustering fellow, who rolled his r's with terrible effect as he hurled threats at the enemies of "Frrance." At the beginning of the war, and during the diplomatic crisis which preceded it, the more serious-minded Frenchmen felt nothing but disgust for his overbearing and boastful attitude, and avoided him whenever they could. Later, however, after the accumulation of disasters which made the month of August appear one long nightmare, and during the terrible winter of the siege, his never-failing optimism acted like a tonic on his fellow-citizens, so that it was afterwards said that but for Chauvin Paris would not have held out for a week.

He went about the boulevards from one group to another, haranguing the silent crowd, full of hope, bursting with good news, sure of success in spite of everything, repeating twenty times in succession that "Bismarck's White Cuirassiers had been annihilated to the last man." It was a singular thing, but now Chauvin no longer appeared to me so absurd.

When the German troops entered Paris, Chauvin, discredited, retired more and more into the background. There was no longer room for optimism, and patriotic feeling was quenched in the fury of civil strife. During the stormy days of the Commune he remained in hiding. One day he ventured out into the street, where the revolutionaries were sheltered behind barricades on one side of him, just as the regular troops from Versailles entered the city on the other.

Chauvin's heart leapt. "Vive la France!" he cried, dashing towards the soldiers. His voice was drowned by a double fusillade. . . . Thus died Chauvin, victim of our civil wars. He was the last Frenchman.

The majority of the tales, however, deal with incidents of the war, which, trivial in themselves, are yet of supreme importance to the actors in them. There is the story of the

restaurant-keeper who refused to serve the Germans during their occupation of Paris, though he might very profitably have done so; a year or two afterwards, bankrupt, evicted by his landlord, he met with no sympathy from his fellow-countrymen who were incapable of his Quixotic patriotism. In another case we are shown the sufferings of the peasants who took refuge in Paris before the siege—how the women pined for their open-air life, and the children had nowhere to play in the cramped space of their apartment. In *Les Mères*, an old couple have come from a distant part of the city to spend the day with their son, who is stationed at one of the outer forts. After waiting for some time, hardly daring to approach the busy and important-looking officials who pass to and fro, they obtain a few minutes' speech with him, and learn to their bitter disappointment that he will be on duty for the next twenty-four hours.

In *Le Siège de Berlin*, a doctor tells the story of Colonel Jouve, a veteran of the First Empire, who at the beginning of the war was so sure of victory that he moved to an apartment in the Champs Elysées to watch from his balcony the triumphant return of the French troops. The news of the first reverse brought on a paralytic stroke, and for several days he remained unconscious. He was roused from his stupor by the report of a victory—a report which afterwards proved to be false, but realizing the danger to his health, his friends did not dare to tell him the truth. As he grew better, though still confined to his bed, he showed a lively interest in the course of the war. His grand-daughter and the doctor, the only persons who had access to him, found it necessary not only to conceal the bad news, but also to invent reports of the victorious progress of the French, culminating in the siege of Berlin. At great sacrifice to themselves, they kept up the pretence until the capitulation of Paris. At last, whether he suspected that he was being deceived, or whether he had overheard an allusion to the expected Prussian entry into the city and thought it to refer to the long-awaited return of the victorious French army, no one could say; but one day he succeeded in dressing himself without assistance and went out on to the balcony. He saw a black mass of men advancing in the distance, heard the tramp of feet, and the crash of a triumphal march . . .

Then on the gloomy silence of the street there broke a terrible cry. "To arms! to arms! the Prussians!" And the four Uhlans

at the head of the procession saw up on the balcony a tall old man, who waved his arms, staggered, and fell stiffly to the ground. This time, Colonel Jouve was really dead.

The stories dealing with the Commune, of which there are several, appeal to us less to-day; but those which belong to the period after the war, especially in its relation to the lost provinces, have a very present interest. *La Dernière Classe*, an account of the last French lesson given in an Alsatian village school, is familiar enough to need no more than a passing reference. *La Vision du Juge de Colmar* is the story of a man whose desire for advancement was stronger than his patriotism. The leather-cushioned arm-chair from which he dispensed justice was symbolical of the public office which he could not bear to give up, even at the price of losing his nationality. "Remain seated, M. Dollinger," said the Emperor William, in effect; and Dollinger "remained seated," and took the oath of allegiance. One night, however, he had a dream. He saw himself seated in his chair of office in some lofty place from which he could view the whole of Alsace. All the roads were crowded with people—soldiers, peasants, old men supported by their sons, women with babies at their breasts, and in front carts piled with household goods—an interminable procession passing westward. Their progress was painful and slow, for their native soil seemed to cling to the cart wheels, making the burden heavier; it was not so much a migration as an uprooting. The unhappy judge wished to join them, or at least to escape from their glances of hatred and scorn, but he was fixed to his leather-covered seat as if in a pillory. The story ends with a vision of his death after a lapse of years, with none of his own race to mourn him, and only Prussians to attend his funeral.

By no means all the tales are of this tragic kind, however. *La Pendule de Bougival* is a piece of excellent fooling. The central figure of the story is a little Second Empire clock, of frivolous appearance and erratic habits, which struck eight when it pointed to three, and was in all respects entirely untrustworthy. Looted from a French *château* during the war, it eventually found its way to the house of Professor Schwanthaler, of Munich, who was writing a treatise to prove that clocks influence the character of those who use them. The cast-iron routine of the Schwanthaler establishment, regulated by a substantial marble clock, whose sonorous ticking filled the house, is admirably described. It may be imagined

what havoc the little French interloper caused in this well-ordered household; its influence spread from the Schwant-halers to the rest of the city and beyond, till the whole of Bavaria was corrupted by the scandalous levity introduced by the stolen clock from Bougival. "That will teach them," adds Daudet, "to use our clocks!"

In *La Défense de Tarascon* the creator of the incomparable Tartarin shows how that hero's compatriots prepared for war. When the Government decreed the formation of the National Guard, the Tarasconnais took up the idea with enthusiasm, and paraded the streets, bristling with weapons, terrifying each other by the very ferocity of their appearance. The "wild rabbits," as those who had volunteered for active service at the front were nicknamed, eagerly awaited their marching orders, and when these were still delayed were at the point of mutiny. At last their general went to Marseilles to demand from headquarters the reason for the official neglect of his troops. Great was his amazement when the prefect showed him a petition from two of his men begging that for reasons of health they might be transferred to the "tame rabbits," as the home defence corps was called, and declared that he had had similar requests from over three hundred others. Disconsolate, the general returned to Tarascon, to find that a farewell dinner had been arranged for the departing soldiers. It was no use protesting that no soldiers were to depart; probably at the bottom of his heart every man in Tarascon knew it; but the dinner had been arranged, and it was accordingly held, amid scenes of great enthusiasm and emotion. The strangest part of it all was that everyone, including the general, was perfectly sincere. Daudet remarks on this peculiarity of the southern temperament, and slyly suggests that it may often be observed in countries where the mirage prevails.

The irony with which this is told is very characteristic of his methods. He never labours his points; whether he is dealing with tragedy or comedy, his style is restrained, and the effect is produced by minor touches. One of his favourite devices is to end a story with some short phrase pregnant with meaning, as a dramatist keeps a telling sentence for the fall of the curtain. The concluding passages of *La Mort de Chauvin* and *Le Siège de Berlin* have already been quoted. The ending of *La Partie de Billard* illustrates the same point.

"The army was in headlong retreat. The marshal had won his game."

He has the dramatist's instinct, too, for striking contrasts. *Le Concert de la Huitième* is about an entertainment arranged by some soldiers to relieve the monotony of the siege. The ribaldry of the songs, and the abandon with which the men, half intoxicated, threw themselves into this effort to forget their misery, jarred on the narrator of the story, and he left the place in disgust. Walking along the river-bank soon afterwards, he saw a little gunboat gallantly making her way against the flooded current—a type of strenuous endeavour persisting in the face of discouragement—and felt that the concert he had just left was very far away.

The same device is often used in the tales which do not refer to the war. In *Un Teneur de Livres*, we see a clerk on his way to his business, whistling cheerfully as he goes, undisturbed by the gloomy weather and the dismal aspect of the buildings near the river where his destination lies. The prosperous appearance of the man, the comfortable warmth of his room, the appetizing smell of the meal which he cooks himself on his stove, are all emphasized; but an undefined melancholy broods over the rest of the building, the water which laps against its walls seems to permeate it, and once through the half-open door the clerk sees a woman's body carried past, water dripping from her garments. He is a clerk at the Morgue, and his duty is to keep a record of the people drowned in the Seine.

Most of the non-historical tales deal with various aspects of Paris life, and Daudet, in spite of his patriotism, is not blind to the failings of his fellow-countrymen. He ridicules the fondness of the Parisian mob for disturbances, and in a more serious vein describes those Frenchmen in whom self-interest or party gain are more powerful motives than love of country. In his mention of the Germans he shows surprisingly little bitterness. His parodies of their long-winded sentences, and his good-humoured gibes at the ponderous stolidity of their character, are signs rather of the temperamental difference between Latin and Teuton than of the resentment felt by a defeated nation towards its conquerors. Here and there a little bitterness peeps out; as, for example, when describing a tour in South Germany in 1866, he comments on the Bavarians' fondness for setting

up monuments, and suggests that since 1870 they must have had many fresh exploits to commemorate.

On one side, "Bavarian soldiers burning the village of Bazailles," on the other, "Bavarian soldiers killing French wounded in the ambulance at Wœrth"—what a splendid monument that would make!

In spite of this, however, there is no talk of revenge. In *Le Siègè de Berlin* the old colonel writes to his son, whom he supposes to be with the victorious French army marching through Germany, urging him to respect the rights of non-combatants and above all to be courteous to women. "Never forget that you are a Frenchman. Be generous to the poor people. Do not make the invasion too terrible for them." He shows the same spirit in his discussion of the terms of peace. "The war indemnity, and nothing more. What would be the good of taking their provinces? Can one make France out of Germany?"

This is interesting to-day as evidence of the way the French would be likely to act in the hour of victory. Its value may perhaps be discounted by the suggestion that a Frenchman who had just had an object-lesson in the way conquerors should not behave would very naturally represent his own countrymen as incapable of such conduct. On the other hand, it is equally likely that an attitude of more uncompromising hostility towards the Germans would have found favour with a public still smarting under recent humiliation. At any rate, the last sentence shows an insight bordering on the prophetic, for Daudet, writing in 1873 of the impossibility of making France out of Germany, had no means of knowing how little success was to crown the ill-judged attempt to make Germany out of France.

C. M. BOWEN.

THE ARMAGH HYMNAL¹

WHEREAS we in England have suffered from a plethora of hymn-books in the vernacular, among Irish Catholics such things are practically unknown. Writing of "Irish Hymnody" in his monumental *Dictionary of Hymnology*, Dr. Julian points out that even among Protestant denominations in Ireland collections of hymns for use in public worship are comparatively few: no important Catholic hymn-book is named, only a few small books for schools and missions being in use. The explanation is not far to seek. In England the general use of vernacular hymns was largely the result of the influx of converts, who brought the practice of hymn-singing with them, and who, indeed, provided most of the hymns—the names of Caswall, for translations, and Faber will at once occur to the reader, and to the latter we are mainly indebted for such congregational singing as we have. In Ireland there was no such movement. It may, however, be noted, that before the hymns of the writers mentioned above had become available, an attempt had been made to supply a manual for popular use by the publication in Dublin of *The Catholic Choralist*, "for the use of the choir, drawing-room, cloister, and cottage." This remarkable work, which demands more attention than can be given to it here, was dedicated to Father Mathew, and contains a section especially devoted to "Temperance Hymns": it was published in 1845, thus antedating Faber's first hymn-book, *Jesus and Mary*, and Caswall's *Lyra Catholica*, by four years.

In Scotland the provision for Catholic hymn-singing has been somewhat more extensive, but it was not until 1913 that a collection of importance made its appearance under the capable editorship of Dom Gregory Ould, O.S.B., and Mr. William Sewell. *The Book of Hymns with Tunes* is, as the names of its editors would suggest, a scholarly production, not differing greatly in character from the better examples provided for England—e.g., *Arundel Hymns*, *The*

¹ The Armagh Hymnal: a Collection of Hymns and Translations compiled by Shane Leslie, King's College, Cambridge, and John Stratford Collins, St. John's College, Cambridge. The Music edited by W. H. Grattan Flood, Mus. D., National University of Ireland. Dublin: Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. Price, 5s. net: words only, 2s. net.

Catholic Hymn-book, and *The Westminster Hymnal*. Of English hymn-books I do not propose to speak, but in passing, attention may be called to the advance that has been made by the substitution of those named for *The Crown Hymn-book* published in 1862, which is mainly responsible for the low standard of English popular hymnody, both as to music and words.

The publication of a new hymn-book is not in itself a matter calling for detailed notice, but *The Armagh Hymnal* strikes a distinctive note and, apart from its position as a pioneer in Ireland, presents features of special interest. The desire of the compilers "to see in the noblest of services the best words of the English vernacular set in the best order, more consistently than has appeared in many modern collections," is one with which all educated folk must sympathize; and the contents of the book show that they have adhered to their programme, perhaps almost too consistently. The only objection which is likely to be made to the collection is that it is too literary. The inclusion of hymns by Richard Rolle, Crashaw, and Father Southwell, with later compositions by Francis Thompson, Father Tabb, and Miss Emily Hickey, indicates a standard hitherto hardly represented in Catholic hymn-books, with the exception of *Arundel Hymns*, still our most literary collection—"worthier of England than her present one," say the compilers. There is an entire absence of the sentimental doggerel which, save in the instance named, disfigures all our books; and, while this is one of the best features of the Hymnal, it may be doubted whether the line might not have been drawn rather less tightly, and whether some of the hymns which, through the medium of convents and the schools connected with them, have become generally known, might not have found a place in the book.¹ The fact that it was "prepared for schools and colleges rather than for any popular use" no doubt explains the attitude adopted; but its publication by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland is evidence that a wider circulation is expected for it, and it is in every way desirable that this expectation should be realized.

Meanwhile if the *Hymnal* be taken up by the schools and colleges of Ireland, and still more if it find its way into the ecclesiastical seminaries—to which the *imprimatur* of Arch-

¹ The penny *Hymn Book of the C.T.S. of Ireland* contains some good examples of these.

bishop Walsh and the dedication by permission to Cardinal Logue, "Coarb of Patrick," should procure it an introduction and in which its claim to be "Catholic and yet National" should ensure it a welcome—popular hymnody will reach a level which it has so far attained neither in England nor in Scotland.

The preface to the *Hymnal*, itself a delightfully-written and interesting essay on Catholic hymnody, defines the lines on which the volume has been compiled, and indicates the sources laid under contribution. "The official song of Holy Church" is, as it should be, the principal of these; a third of the book consists of translations from the Breviary and other Latin sources, while ten are taken from the Greek. The latter, and to a large extent the former, are the work of John Mason Neale, whose versions "so accurately preserve their original simplicity and virtue that a preference has been uniformly accorded to him over other translators."¹ It is to be noted that when the words of the Armagh book were first published, the version of Neale's hymns as altered, not always with advantage, by the compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, was employed: in the edition with music Neale's original rendering has in some cases been restored, but other alterations of doubtful value have been made. An example may be cited from the *Vexilla Regis*. The verse "Arbor decora et fulgida" was rendered by Neale (*Mediæval Hymns*, 1851):

O Tree of Beauty! Tree of Light!
O Tree with royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest.

This in the Armagh book (1912), following *H.A. and M.*, stands:

O Tree of glory, Tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's Blood.

There is no need to point out the inferiority of this version, whether as verse or as translation: in the music edition Neale's original version is reverted to, but with the substitution of

¹ A recent testimony by a competent authority to the value of Neale's work is given by Dr. Fortescue in his *Latin Hymns* (1913): "After Dr. Neale's beautiful poetic translations of nearly all our hymns it seems vain for any one else to try to rival them."

"bright" for "dight" (which may be a misprint), and "faithful" for "triumphal," neither of which is an improvement. It may be assumed that the book of words will in future issues follow the musical edition, otherwise confusion will be created.

Incidentally it may be questioned whether it is ever desirable to alter a hymn. The composer or translator doubtless had good reason for the words he chose, and it would seem better either to follow him or to omit the hymn altogether: in any case, when an alteration is made, it should be indicated. This is not to deny that an alteration may be an improvement; an obvious instance of this may be cited from Neale himself, which I mention because I have so often praised his translations that I am sometimes accused of obsession on that head. It would have seemed impossible to have rendered *Veni, veni, Emmanuel*, otherwise than as it stands in the Armagh and, so far as I know, in every other collection—"O come, O come, Emmanuel": Neale, however, wrote, "Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel," which, whether regarded from the standpoint of euphony or literalness, is manifestly inferior. Of this hymn it is indeed hardly accurate to assign to Neale the translation in common use: although based upon his it was practically retranslated for the original edition of *H.A. and M.* (1860).

It is to be regretted that English versions are not given of all the Latin hymns in the Armagh book. It may indeed be wondered why hymns only in the Latin tongue are included, but it must be remembered that, as has been said, the book was not primarily intended for popular use; still, if some are translated, why not all? This applies especially to the *Sancti venite* of the Bangor Antiphonary (seventh century), the oldest known Latin Eucharistic hymn, the legend connected with which is thus told in the "Speckled Book" (fourteenth century) in the library of the Royal Irish Academy. St. Patrick and St. Sechnall had made peace after a misunderstanding that had arisen between them:

And whilst they were going round the cemetery, they heard a choir of angels singing round the oblation in the church; and what they sang was the hymn beginning *Sancti venite Christi corpus* etc.; hence this hymn is sung in Ireland when one goes to the body of Christ from that time onward.¹

¹ *The Irish Liber Hymnorum*, edited from the [11th century] MSS, with Translations, Notes, and Glossary. By J. H. Bernard, D.D. [now Archbishop of Dublin], and R. Atkinson, LL.D. Henry Bradshaw Society, 1898. ii. 5.

An English version might well have been supplied; besides that of Neale, there is an admirable translation by Dr. Fortescue in his *Latin Hymns* already mentioned.

It is the translations here first published which constitute the most interesting feature of the book. It has long been my view that the number of our vernacular hymns should only be increased under very special circumstances; and examples recently furnished, even by authorized collections, tend to confirm this opinion, not only on literary grounds, but because we have already far too many. Mr. Shane Leslie, however, whose talents as a writer of verse have already received recognition, has done well, both as patriot and poet, in rendering hymns—Latin and Irish—of the early Irish Saints into the English vernacular. Of the latter there are only three, but their quality makes one wish that we had more from similar sources, though I am not unaware of the excellent work done in this connection in happier days by Dr. Kuno Meyer, nor of "the religious songs which Dr. Douglas Hyde has gathered from the lips of Connaught peasants," to whose "intensity of faith and beauty of language" the compilers pay tribute.

The brevity of two of the hymns permits their quotation in entirety. The first¹ is from a long composition, the greater part of which is attributed to St. Colman MacCluasaigh († 661 ?); of this *The Irish Liber Hymnorum* writes:

Colman mac Ui Cluasaig, a scholar from Cork, made this hymn to save himself from the Yellow Plague that occurred in the time of the sons of Aed Slane.

An account of this plague, which ravaged Europe during the sixth and seventh centuries, is given in the prefaces to the hymn in the two eleventh century MSS. printed in the volume, from one of which this note is taken.² The verses translated are apparently of somewhat later date than the earlier part of the hymn, and one MS. says: "Diarmit son of German, coarb of Patrick, it is he that added these four verses":

A blessing on Patrick be
And the Saints Erin bare,
A blessing on this citie,
- And the good people there.

¹ The Armagh book, evidently inaccurately, attributes this to the fifth century.

² See *Liber Hymnorum*, ii. 12, 113.

THE ARMAGH HYMNAL

A blessing on Brigid fall
And her Virgins beside;
The blessing of one and all
Be it given to Bride.

A blessing on Columcille
And the Saints Alba bore;
And Eunan, whose holy will
Put the clans under law.

Protect us for ever, King
Of the elements, Sire,
Be Christ our delivering
And His spirit our fire.

The second hymn, which is allotted to the feast of St. Patrick, is from a Vespéral of the tenth century:

Son of the living God,
Set Angels by our head,
To guard the sleep, the holy rest,
We take in haloed¹ bed.

O, may they there reveal
True visions to our sleep,
High Prince above the Universe,
Who dost all mystery keep.

O may no fiend nor ill,
Nor dream with terror fraught
Come to disturb the swift repose
We have so willing sought.

Our vigils sanctify,
Our labours holy keep,
And all unhindered be our rest
With fair unbroken sleep.

The Latin hymns of Irish Saints, so far as represented by translations, include one to St. Martin, "the foster-father of the Celtic Church," by St. Oengus MacTipraite († 745); one by St. Cucuimne († 746?) to our Lady; and one by St. Columcille († 597), deprecating the judgments of God:

Or it is the Day of Judgement that he had in mind. Or the fire of John's Feast. Or it is to preserve the oakwood when a thunderbolt set fire to the place, after it had been given by Aed mac Ainmerech, and the fire sought to consume it, so it was on that account this hymn was composed. And it is sung against every thunder; and whosoever recites it at lying down and at

¹ hallowed?

rising up is freed from all danger by fire or lightning flash, as (also) the nine persons dearest to him of his folk.¹

Another translation from the *Liber Hymnorum* is the hymn for St. Brigid, the authorship of which is doubtful.

"The celebrated hymn of St. Sechnall († 448) in honour of St. Patrick, of which it was written: 'This is the first that was made in Ireland,' has been retained as a processional for High Mass on the National Feast": an interesting tradition, too long to quote here, as to the circumstances under which it was composed will be found in the *Liber Hymnorum*, ii. 5, 6. For this a plain-chant setting is given in the Armagh book, but without organ accompaniment—a useful adjunct which is omitted in other similar cases.

As was only natural in a book intended for use in Ireland, St. Patrick is honoured in several hymns, among which Father John O'Connor's beautiful verses hold the first place. Published also in the Scottish book, and to some extent familiarized to English congregations through *Arundel Hymns*, it is unfortunate that this fine composition is not found in the *Westminster Hymnal* in place of "All praise to St. Patrick," written by Faber to the popular melody known as "Patrick's Day." "Criticism of this tune," says Dr. Terry, "is disarmed by the fact that Faber wrote his verses for it": on like grounds the insertion of other popular tunes might be defended—e.g., "The Girl I left behind me," for which, and for others of like character, Faber, in his desire to popularize popular singing, wrote words. The melodies in the first Oratory hymn-book consisted largely of such airs, some of which remained until quite recent times: "Flow on, thou shining river" (to "Why is thy face so lit with smiles") and "Oft in the stilly night" ("O, it is sweet to think"), kept their place in the musical edition edited by William Pitts. Mr. Leslie's own hymn to St. Patrick should help to relegate the unsuitable melody to the social and convivial gatherings with which it was originally associated, and from which no direction to play it "very slowly" can dissociate it.

St. Lorcan—better known to English readers as Lawrence—O'Toole († 1180), is commemorated in a fine hymn to which "Anon." is appended, and which, in common with others thus indicated, we can hardly be wrong in attributing to Mr. Leslie. Here is the first verse:

¹ Eleventh century MS.: *The Irish Liber Hymnorum*, ii, 28.

THE ARMAGH HYMNAL

Lorcan, from thy resting-place,
 Shrined in lands beyond the sea,¹
 Plead for thy long stricken race
 Unforgetful yet of thee.
 Time and strife and stress have torn
 All things dear to thee below:
 Holy Christchurch lies forlorn
 Mid thy city's silent woe.

Another hymn of much interest to Irish folk is that "traditionally sung by pilgrims as they leave the national sanctuary of Lough Derg," of which, by the way, Mr. Leslie is the owner: the words and the air have been carefully revised under the direction of the parish priest of Enniskillen, and the latter has been arranged by Dr. Grattan Flood. Interesting as is the hymn, it seems somewhat out of place in a book intended for general use; the same may be said of the Hymn of the Irish Pontifical Zouaves, the insertion of which is justified on the ground that the Armagh book of words appeared, or rather were intended to appear, "in the year that celebrates the Jubilee of the Spoliation." Nor does one see the reason for including the Lourdes Pilgrims' Hymn (in French!): the presence of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's hymn is, I think, also to be regretted, not because it is unworthy, but because hymns by Protestant writers seem out of place in a Catholic hymnal.² It is no doubt too early to consider the question of a second edition of the book, but when that time comes, it would be easy by a few substitutions to make it more generally useful without adding to its bulk.

There are other points in which *The Armagh Hymnal* is in advance of most collections—*e.g.*, the comparatively small but sufficient number of hymns—150 is quite enough for practical purposes—and in the sense of proportion, too often wanting: but before concluding this notice a word must be said as to the music, which, like the words, is chosen from the best sources and consists mainly of tunes which have stood the test of frequent use, often in association with the same words. This was largely selected by the compilers, but the lamented death of John Stratford Collins prevented the completion of the task, and the compilation, so far as it had proceeded, was placed in the capable hands of Dr. W. H. Grattan

¹ St. Lawrence, who was Archbishop of Dublin, died in exile at Eu, in Normandy, where his relics are preserved.

² There is one in the C.T.S.I. *Hymn Book*.

Flood, who has brought the work to a satisfactory conclusion. The number of new tunes is commendably small, and most of these were practically necessary on account of irregularities of metre in the words.

From every point of view—literary, historical, musical—*The Armagh Hymnal* may be commended to the English student of hymnody: to Irishmen it will appeal on a further ground—that of nationality and love of country.

JAMES BRITTEN.

MARY

A GARDEN like a chalice-cup,
With bloom of almond white and pink,
And starred hibiscus to the brink,
From which sweet waters bubble up.
A garden walled with ilex-trees
And topped with blue, white clouds between,
Save where the glossed leaves' twinkling green
Is stirred by some soft-ruffling breeze.
A place apart, a watered glade,
Where sin and sorrow have not been,
And earth's complaint grows hushed within
Its greening aisles of sacred shade.

The circling arms, the flower face,
Such were they to the Child soft-pressed,
Who drew all sweetness from the breast
Of her whom angels crowned with grace.

A night of storm and wailing stress,
A coast that cradles to the shock
Of waves that lap the pitted rock,
And winds that shriek their wrathfulness;
A night of all wild things unpent,
Strange voices and strange shapes that beat
To chill the heart and snare the feet,
And through the tempest, beacon-bent,
To shelter from the driving damp,
Bespeaking warmth and sweet repose
Within its sanctuary-close,
The welcome of a red shrine-lamp.

So unto Him Who, weary, pressed
On through the storm of wrath and hate,
Shone Mary's love, a chapel-gate
Where He might enter Him and rest.

A desert filled with shining sand,
And still as death the skies that bend
Where to horizon without end
The rounding distances expand.
A desert white with burning heat
And parchèd silence without stir,
And at its heart a voyager,
Where Death and daggered noonday meet;
And Thirst that grips him by the throat;
When, from the distance wreathing blue,
No mirage, but a dream come true,
Crowned palm-tree and pale waters float.

To Christ upon the road, when dim
Fell on His brow the Shade accurst,
So Mary slaked His burning thirst
With her white soul held up to Him.

ELEANOR DOWNING.

“ HUNS ”

TO judge by our newspaper placards the term Hun is in a fair way to establish itself in the language of popular journalism as a bare synonym for German or Teutonic. Few readers, however, can be so ignorant as to suppose that the Huns were really Germans by race, and hence, apart from its general uncomplimentary implication of rapine and cruelty, the appropriateness of the name is not obvious. Granted even that the Allies have abundant excuse for launching opprobrious epithets against the authors of the atrocities perpetrated in Belgium and in France, it may be doubted if the nickname would have stuck so persistently, but for the fact of a reputed indiscretion of the Kaiser, at an earlier date, which history or legend has somewhat maliciously kept alive.

It is of this indiscretion that I propose now to give an account. When I came recently for the first time upon an allusion to the speech in question, my first instinct was to class it among the many fictions which have been generated by the unfriendly feeling so long subsisting between Germany and this country. So far as I could discover, the address does not figure in any of the many collections of the Kaiser's discourses which have been formed by his admirers. No allusion was made to it in any of the more authoritative Lives of William II. which were accessible to me. There was certainly some notable confusion as to the date of the supposed utterance, and the language attributed to him sounded in itself quite incredible. The whole thing, indeed, was so very pat in its application to recent developments; it corresponded so entirely with what the Kaiser's adversaries would now expect him and wish him to have said, that suspicion as to its authenticity was necessarily aroused. Hence it was not until I had looked up the episode in that usually sober chronicle of events, the *Annual Register*, that the question seemed even to invite serious investigation, as a story that was possibly authentic. In the *Annual Register*, however, which, it will be remembered, does not appear until the spring of the following year, when sufficient time has elapsed for corrections and contradictions to obtain a hearing, the more sensational part of the Kaiser's indiscreet speech was given as follows. The words

were addressed in July, 1900, to the troops of the German expeditionary force sent out to China to avenge the victims of the Boxer rising.

When you meet the foe you will defeat him. No quarter will be given; no prisoners will be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Just as the Huns, a thousand years ago, under the leadership of Etzel (Attila), gained a reputation in virtue of which they still live in historical tradition, so may the name of Germany become known in such a manner in China that no Chinaman will ever again dare to look askance at a German.

In the *Annual Register*¹ no precise date is assigned to this utterance, but a somewhat misleading statement is added that the speech followed immediately upon the reception of the news of the murder of Baron von Ketteler, the German envoy at Peking, which news reached Europe at the beginning of July. Now on July 2nd, the Kaiser addressed the first detachment of the German expeditionary force which sailed from Wilhelmshaven. On this occasion also the Emperor's harangue, very inadequately reported, seems to have been indiscreet, but the words just quoted were not spoken on July 2nd at Wilhelmshaven, but more than three weeks later, on July 27th, at Bremerhaven. Much confusion has resulted from the mixing up of these two dates by later writers, when referring to this episode. Be this as it may, *The Times*, in its issue of Monday, July 30, 1900, printed the following dispatch from its correspondent at Berlin:

Berlin, July 29.

The manner in which the speeches of the Emperor are reported and published has often been made the subject of lively complaint in the German Press. It may be doubted however whether these complaints have ever been so general or so well-founded as with regard to the speech delivered at Bremerhaven on Friday.

The Berlin *Localanzeiger*, an enterprising halfpenny newspaper, published a summary of this speech in its afternoon edition. Wolff's Bureau, the semi-official telegraph agency upon which the great majority of the German newspapers exclusively rely for telegraphic information, was not able to supply the Press with any account of what His Majesty had said until between 9 and 10 o'clock at night. In view of the fact that the telegram to the *Localanzeiger* was despatched from Bremerhaven before 3 o'clock in the afternoon, this delay would in itself have furnished the Press with a legitimate grievance, but the semi-official

¹ *Annual Register* for 1900, p. 300.

report was not only late but it was exceedingly incomplete. It did not pretend to do more than give a short abstract of the speech. The passage in which His Majesty ordered the German soldiers to give no quarter and to take no prisoners was omitted. Recognizing the unsatisfactory character of this report, the semi-official bureau distributed a second version, but so late at night that many Berlin journals were unable to publish it in their edition of Saturday morning. Even this second report did not contain the text of the Emperor's speech but consisted merely of another summary differing considerably from the first and containing the "no quarter" passage as it had first appeared in the Berlin local newsheet.

This passage has already been made the subject of much comment in the Press. Several journals protest that the Emperor could not possibly have used the words attributed to him, or that if so, they were intended to describe the inhuman methods of Chinese warfare and not the conduct which ought to be pursued by German troops. The newspapers which adopted this view wisely refrained from attempting to reconcile it with the context in which the passage appeared. In the meantime, all doubt on the matter has been set at rest by the arrival of the local (Bremen) newspapers containing a full report of the speech.

And thereupon the correspondent quotes the more notable utterances of the address, including in particular the words already cited.

No manner of doubt, I venture to say, can possibly be felt as to the general correctness of the local Bremen report. It is obvious that any newspaper editor who had attributed to the Kaiser a speech of this sensational character which he had never uttered would have laid himself open to the severest penalties. When, some months later, the speech became the subject of heated discussion in the Reichstag, the Kaiser's expressions were explained away and excused by the Chancellor, but the fact that he had used them was not denied. The whole course of the debate on the Chinese expedition is singularly interesting, more particularly so in view of recent developments, and it was summarized by the Berlin correspondent of *The Times* with more fulness and attention than are usually accorded to such discussions in any foreign Chamber. But I have been careful to go to the much fuller report of the Reichstag debate, which is to be found printed in the parliamentary edition of the *National Zeitung*,¹ and I have quite satisfied myself that the *Times*' summary is not

¹ Since writing the above I have also been able to consult the official shorthand report of the debates in the Reichstag published by the German Government.

in any way misleading. Much of the acrimony imported into the debate was due to the violent speech of the Socialist deputy, Herr Bebel.¹ This address lasted three hours, and a great part of it seems to have been devoted to the reading of extracts from letters alleged to have been written by soldiers of the German expeditionary force in China, describing the hideous massacres and brutalities perpetrated by themselves, or by their comrades. A collection of these letters had been made, and under the title *Hunnenbriefe*, or Letters from the Huns, had been printed in the Socialist journal, *Vorwaerts*. It is not disputed that the title *Hunnenbriefe* bore a distinct reference to the Attila passage in the Kaiser's farewell speech to the troops at Bremerhaven. His soldiers were Huns because the Emperor himself had called them so, and had bidden them model themselves on the ruthless ferocity of the warriors of Attila. The nickname, therefore, which is displayed so persistently upon our newspaper placards, and which comes in the end to jar from its constant and pointless reiteration, is not, at any rate, of English manufacture. Its real author is the Kaiser himself, though the German Socialist leaders responsible for the direction of *Vorwaerts* no doubt made a perverse use of the parallel to which he had appealed.

It is noteworthy that in the leading newspapers Herr Bebel's speech of three hours in the great China debate was only reported very summarily. No attempt was made to give the words, or even the substance of the extracts he read from soldiers' letters. But we may gather from subsequent allusions that the charges brought by him against the behaviour of the German army were the counterpart of those which find themselves repeated with terrible unanimity and monotony in the reports of the Belgian, French and English atrocity Commissions since the beginning of the present war. The point of primary importance is that Herr Bebel's indictment was based, not upon the complaints of the victims, but upon the testimony of the German soldiery themselves. For all these outrages the Kaiser, he urged, was primarily responsible, for not only were the words, commanding that no quarter was to be given, spoken in the hearing of the ordinary rank and file and, indeed, addressed expressly to them, but by this very fact the discipline which might otherwise have been enforced by their officers was threatened and impaired.

¹ In this debate, which lasted four days, Bebel delivered two long speeches, not to speak of one or two personal explanations. I refer here to his first speech.

The Prussian Minister of War, in reply, pooh-poohed the evidence of Herr Bebel's letters. As long as the names were withheld the testimony was worthless. He undertook that if the names and definite details were given the matter should be inquired into, and that the authors of outrages should meet with exemplary punishment. He treated with lofty disdain the suggestion that the Kaiser's speech could be regarded as an incitement to crime. "I think," he said, "that the German people know their Kaiser well enough to be assured that he has no sympathy with horrors of any kind" (*dass ihm Grausamkeiten fern liegen*). If his Majesty's words betrayed a certain excitement, that under the circumstances of such extreme provocation was only intelligible and natural.

General von Gossler's demand for more specific details regarding the witnesses to the alleged atrocities was only to be expected, but yet it by no means follows, because such information was withheld, that the letters were fabrications or that the evidence was worthless. The letters had presumably been written from China without a thought of publication, and no doubt with that amount of exaggeration which is always to be found in communications of the kind. To expose a man to odium, persecution or punishment, because in writing a quite intimate letter to parents or friends he had declared that a dozen houses were burnt down, when only a few were actually burnt down, would be a shameful abuse of confidence. So far as one can gather the opinion of any assembly from an imperfect report of a debate, my impression is that the feeling of the majority of the Reichstag was that the letters were genuine, and that in point of fact, during the Boxer campaign, quarter was not given. As Herr Richter, in one of the most sensible speeches of the discussion, urged with great force, if quarter *had* been given it would have been the easiest thing in the world for the Government to produce some of the men who had surrendered and been taken prisoners, or at least to indicate the whereabouts of the concentration-camp in which such prisoners were confined; but the Government had not attempted to take any such tone. Herr Richter evidently believed the charge that the German troops had more than once been guilty of the wholesale massacre of unarmed men.¹

Not less effective was the same speaker's indictment of the wild irresponsibility of the Bremerhaven speech. Herr

¹ "Waren solche Massenexecutionen gegen Wehrlose nicht zu vermeiden?"

Bebel had already pointed out that the Bremen press reporters could not have fabricated the Attila passage, they could not, in the expressive German idiom he used, "have sucked it off their fingers." Herr Richter pressed the matter home:

The Minister of War yesterday, however difficult the task, attempted to take over the responsibility for the so called Hun speech (die sogennante Hunnenrede). I should like to have been able to see the faces of the Ministers while this speech was being delivered. The Minister of War felt very keenly that he really could not make himself responsible for such an utterance. Accordingly he first tried to suppress the whole thing and then he attempted to withhold from publication the passage about the Huns. In this effort he was entirely unsuccessful, for the editors of the Bremerhaven newspapers were too quick for him. The first passage saying that no quarter was to be given was from the very beginning disseminated by the Wolff Bureau. Only after this was done did the Minister discover that this after all was a sentiment for which it was impossible for them seriously to take the responsibility. So then as an afterthought came a second despatch from the Wolff bureau to the Press asking them to suppress this first passage. We see in all this the deplorable subterfuges to which a Minister is reduced by speeches regarding the contents and form of which he has had no previous notification.

So important were these criticisms of Herr Richter's felt to be that the Chancellor, von Bülow, though he had delivered a long pronouncement the day before, at once rose with a formal expression of apology, to reply to it at some length. It is a reply which, after all, is no reply. The attempt is not made to disavow either the "no quarter" sentiment or the Attila passage. The sole answer is that the Kaiser had spoken under strong and pardonable excitement. As the *Times* correspondent summarizes here, the Chancellor said in this second speech to the Reichstag:

His Majesty's speech at Bremerhaven (i.e. the "no quarter" speech) was delivered at a moment when it was universally and necessarily assumed that all the Europeans who were shut up in Peking had died a horrible death. "In my view," said the Chancellor, "it was quite right that his Majesty the Emperor should at such a moment address the soldiers who were going out, as a soldier and not as a diplomatist. . . . The main point was that our soldiers should know whom they had to deal with and against whom they were being sent. And I confess, for my own part, that the little finger of a gallant German soldier is

worth more in my estimation than the whole murderous pack of the Boxers."¹

I must confess that to me this last sentiment, the actual words of which, as reported in the *National Zeitung*, are given as a footnote, seems as immoral as the Kaiser's original utterance and to shed an equally lurid light upon the whole attitude of the German dream of world-power. The fact probably is that the unfortunate Chancellor had absolutely nothing to say in defence of the "No quarter" harangue except to reiterate that the provocation was extremely great and that his Imperial Master had been carried away by his feelings. To quote the *Times* summary of the Chancellor's final speech:

When Herr Bebel said that the news of the relief of the Europeans in Peking had arrived before the Emperor's ("No quarter") speech at Bremerhaven [July 27], he was mistaken. I beg to state in the most positive manner that when this speech was delivered at Bremerhaven all the world was convinced that the Europeans in Peking had been massacred to a man. Every diplomatist in Europe believed that this was the case; it was believed in all the Chinese ports, it was believed in all the Cabinets; indeed if I mistake not, memorial services were held in various places for the victims. The speech of his Majesty, the Emperor at Wilhelmshaven [July 2] was, as a matter of fact, delivered immediately after the receipt of the intelligence of the murder of the German Minister. The despatch with the news of the murder of Baron von Ketteler had reached us only ten minutes before. I tell you quite frankly that I would not have understood it—I am sure that the great majority of the German nation would not have understood it—if the news of such an atrocious crime had not made the German Emperor's blood boil.²

It seems almost to follow from the tone of this reference that the Wilhelmshaven speech had also contained notable indiscretions. In this case, however, the Ministers seem to have been successful in suppressing them in time before any full report was printed by the newspapers. Certain it is that the *Times* correspondent wrote on July 3rd, the day after the speech:

Berlin, July 3.

It is a very singular circumstance that only one journal, the (semi-official) *Lokalanzeiger*, was enabled to publish the Em-

¹ "Ich wenigsten muss sagen dass mir der kleine Finger eines deutschen Musketers lieber ist als das ganze Mordgesindel der Boxer." The sentiment was greeted with loud applause from the whole Right and Centre of the Chamber.

² The *Times*, Nov. 24th, 1900.

peror's speech this morning. The German official telegraph agency did not communicate it to the Press till this afternoon.¹

The same correspondent notes that the Berlin Press of the next day

continues to insist on the necessity of caution in the treatment of the whole Chinese question. . . . Certain turns of expression in the Emperor's speech may possibly be accounted for by the strong emotion under the influence of which according to eye-witnesses, his Majesty spoke. 'That emotion, which is widely shared by the German people, may well have been inspired not only by the anxieties of the general situation but by the atrocious crime of the murder of Baron von Ketteler. An evening journal remarks that in several of its contemporaries articles of an apparently semi-official character are intended to prevent the Emperor's words from being misunderstood.

The puzzle about all this mystery and protest is that in the text of the Kaiser's speech, as reported, there is little which under the circumstances can be considered extreme or violent. He says, indeed, that "in a time of profound peace the fire-brand of war (*Brandjackel des Kriegeres*) has been hurled," and he harangues his expeditionary force in such terms as these: "I send you forth to avenge the wrong and I will not rest until the German flag together with those of the other Powers floats victoriously above the Chinese standards," etc. But it seems to me that the delay in publication and the suppressed excitement of the Press can only be explained upon the supposition that the Kaiser had really given utterance to much more violent sentiments than those which actually appeared in the official report. In the case, however, of this Wilhelmshaven speech of July 2nd, the Ministers seem, as above suggested, to have intervened in time to prevent uncensored telegraphic versions from being circulated. In the Bremerhaven address of July 27th their intervention came too late.

If this conjecture is justified or even approximately correct, the plea put forward by the Chancellor in excuse of the Attila harangue of July 27th loses much of its point. On July 2nd the Kaiser undoubtedly had considerable excuse for being worked up to a high pitch of emotional excitement. The news of the murder of the German envoy in China had only reached him ten minutes before he spoke. No one, under the circumstances, could think the worse of the head of

¹ The Times, July 4, 1900.

the State for losing something of his self-command. But three weeks later, even though the worst forebodings were still entertained regarding the fate of all the legations, there had been no unexpected bad news and, so far as the Kaiser himself was concerned, his previous indiscretion ought still to have been fresh in his memory. The German newspapers had decorously lectured him for the former speech; if he offended now, he offended with his eyes open and in cold blood.

Moreover, there is evidence that there was a party in Germany who applauded the Kaiser's ferocity. Less than a fortnight after the Bremerhaven address the following letter appeared in the *Times*:

Sir,—As attempts are now being made to explain away, both in Germany and abroad, the passage in the Emperor's address to his troops which has given rise to so much unfavourable comment in the German as well as in the foreign Press, it may interest you to see the enclosed illustrated post-card, which is being circulated freely through the German Post Office, with the sanction, it must be assumed, of the Imperial authorities. The text, as you will see, corresponds exactly with the translated quotation sent to you by your Berlin correspondent in *The Times* of July 30: "Remember when you meet the foe that quarter will not be given, and that prisoners will not be taken. Wield your weapons so that for a thousand years to come no Chinaman will dare to look askance at a German."

The writer then points out that the Attila passage, vouched for by the *Weser Zeitung* of Bremen, and other local journals, is not included, but he proceeds:

But even in the milder and more condensed form there is more than enough to justify the construction which has been placed on the Emperor's words by a large section of his own people as well as by foreign critics. His Majesty no doubt spoke somewhat hastily under the influence of legitimate indignation at the dastardly murder of his Minister and the barbarous attack on the foreign community in Peking, and one may feel assured that nothing he said will or was really intended to relax the well known discipline of the German army in however savage a warfare. But in the significant absence of any official correction it is idle for Germans to talk of misrepresentation either in the English or in the German Press.

Yours obediently,

OLD BERLINER.¹

¹ The *Times*, August 11, 1900.

An editorial note explains that the postcard enclosed by the correspondent contains the quotation inside an ornamental medallion flanked by the picture of a German Marine and other emblems. The actual German words of the text are also quoted from the card. Now, even if it were suggested that this was a Socialist device to foster indignation against the Kaiser, a moment's reflection is sufficient to show the extreme improbability of such a view. The great Socialist outburst only began some months later when news began to come in from China of the atrocities committed by the troops. Moreover a Socialist card would have contained some indication of its origin or purpose, and money would in any case not have been wasted in ornamenting it with figures which made appeal to the spirit of German militarism. No reasonable doubt, then, can be entertained that the card was deliberately circulated in the interest of the Pan-German party. It was very probably issued by the Flotten Verein.

On the other hand, as the letter of an "Old Berliner" shows, there were unquestionably signs that a section of public opinion in Germany was shocked by the Kaiser's speech. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* in particular reminded its readers of the outcry raised against the alleged English cruelty to the Boers, and protested in the name of Christianity against such an exhortation as that contained in the Bremerhaven harangue which the newspapers professed to treat as of doubtful authenticity.

As we have seen, there cannot be the slightest question that the words quoted towards the beginning of this article were really uttered by the Kaiser. Neither is there any room for doubt that the Kaiser's behest was faithfully executed and that quarter was *not* given by the Germans to the wretched Chinese, innocent or guilty, who were considered to be obstructing their passage with hostile intent. At the very last moment of the China debate Herr Bebel taunted the Government with the fact that he had been unable to obtain any answer from them to his plain and reiterated question: "Was it true that in China the German troops had been ordered to give no quarter and to make no prisoners?" I am not supposing that I have settled the matter in the present article, but the subject is one to which it may be possible to return on some future occasion. But not the least repulsive feature of the Bremerhaven address was the veneer of piety which was dragged in to distract attention from the fundamental and truly Hunnish paganism of its main purpose. "The bles-

sing of God be upon you," were the Kaiser's concluding words, after equivalently telling his troops to exterminate the foe, "you carry with you the prayers of a whole nation and my blessing." Earlier in the address he had told them to "make it their care to open a way for Christianity into that heathen land." Little as one may sympathize with the principles or the life work of the late Herr Bebel, one cannot but feel the edge of the bitter irony with which, in his first speech in the China debate, he scoffed at the language of the Protestant chaplain who, like the Kaiser, bidding farewell to the troops, told them:

Ein Kreuzzug ist's, ein heiliger Krieg: It is a crusade upon which you are engaged, a holy war.

Can we be surprised that such hollow insincerities from the leaders of the people should pave the way for that moral paralysis which can look on unmoved at the tragedy of Belgium or execute a death sentence, amid circumstances of brutal horror, upon a brave and devoted woman like Miss Edith Cavell?

[NOTE. Since the earlier part of this article was written I have obtained access to the official *Stenographische Berichte über die Verhandlungen des Reichstags* for 1900, and I have satisfied myself of the accuracy of the quotations made above from the speeches delivered by deputies in the China debate in the Reichstag in November, 1900.]

HERBERT THURSTON.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

V.

NEITHER.

THE endless-seeming September drawing to its end, but not yet drawn to it: blazing noons still, and blazing afternoons: skies pitilessly cloudless all the fierce day long, cloudless at sunfall, but aflame without cloud-fuel to set on fire; and then a cloudless twilight, short and hurrying, another war-day panting to its death in the night's grey arms. Then the moon, huge and splendid, more golden than silver, sun-hot looking; the harvest-moon, staring over limitless harvest-fields at the harvest ungarnered. At last, night—stabbed on the horizons with lurid thrusts of death-fire, visible pulses of war's throbbing fever.

But now, the mid-month past, the nights learn to seem as chill as the days have been burning; and, at dawn, about the knees of the woods that clamber down into the deep, steep valleys, swings a veil of pale gauze, and in the valley-bottoms too, not only in that wider one where the river that has already christened a battle winds through water-meadows, but in all the maze of narrow valleys where no river is. Soon, at the sun's signal this ghostly oriflamme slips from the wooded bluff, and hangs itself a few waiting moments out in mid-air, pearl-white and opal: then the sun conquers, and the white flag yields itself and is not.

Then comes a night of rain, black and bitter, and there is neither moon nor stars: and another, with a clean-washed, shining day dividing them. And so for many nights, rain, rain, rain: and always boastful, flaring days between: and the deep dust is deep mud.

Our camp on a table-land, treeless, standing high above deep valleys almost tree-choked. And presently we cease to be a camp, and the whole unit is sanctuaried in an ancient place of God: a high stone wall, grey by nature, greyer by the caress of more than half a dozen centuries, shuts in a twenty-acre plot, garden, crops and homesteading. Over the wall one sees from far off the high roof of a lovely chapel, and lower roofs of enormous Gothic barns: once a Preceptory of the martyred Order of the Temple: after the shameful murder of that Order, whose blood from every land of Chris-

tendom cried to Heaven, like Abel's, the Preceptory became a house of St. Bernard's Order of Citeaux, and through the centuries the white monks tilled these upland fields, keeping God's silence, far from the clatter of arms and tongues. The huge barns, two-storeyed, whose upper floors are held aloft by immense Gothic pillars of stone, were *their* barns: and the great church, lancet-windowed, was *their* church. But the grey-black building at the western end of the vast farm-yard, half-fortalice, with tavered angles, of the eleventh century, was the Templars', and is not a ruin yet.

At the Revolution the Cistercians' long reign here ceased, and the Sacrifice ceased, never to be offered here again till an old priest from over-seas, of the race of France's traditional enemies, should come with France's new war-friends, to offer it once more; and the Preceptory and the abbey has for over a century been simply a vast farm-house.

The farmer was born in the Templars' house, though he lives now in the homestead at the opposite end of the long quadrangle, built out of stones that were once a part of the abbey, and not raw-looking or incongruous: or rather the farmers, for there are two brothers, both away now in the deeper furrow of the trenches.

The Cistercian church stables over a score of huge plough-oxen, clad in the white habit of Citeaux; sedate, solemn, but not severe of mien, keeping St. Bernard's silence, toilsome, useful, harmless, innocent, they seem to desecrate the dead fane as little as any aliens could. In the night-stillness, when the moon thrusts in through the high, empty windows a long arm of virgin light, and one can but surmise the white shapes clustered in the blackness of the unlit sanctuary, they are as seemly ghosts for the innocent haunting of that choir as any one could picture there. Their lot of patient labour, their lifelong tribute of plain duty, their dumb praise of Him who laid their life too upon them, and bade them bear it, humbly and nobly, fulfilling each a fragment of His immense purpose, does this not also preach; the Cistercian silence unwittingly carrying on its unending sermon?

If Rembrandt were not dead! what pictures for him! The long, broad open space between the barns, with groups of cattle and of soldiers, camp-fires, red hands held out to the blaze, dancing shadows of men on the barn-walls, titanic figures black on the pallid-grey, and, behind, the frowning fortalice-hospice, and, beyond that, the last red relics of a

dead day, a blood-stained fringe on the blackening robe of Night . . .

A Friday morning; and, outside the great Renaissance entrance-gate of the homestead, wounded men being laid down in the deep straw of a long cart-shed: no carts there now, only the pitiful long rows of tattered bodies of lads and men: married men whose wives and children they are praying may not presently be widows and orphaned: lads, unwed, unbetrothed unless it be to Death, from whose inexorable tryst they seem to have no shrinking: all, husbands and youths alike, unfretful, without complaint: by each sits Hope, gently, with unheard whisper; to some the promise of life, to others the Greater Promise of a Life now clearly perceived, which never can be quite plainly seen till the learner has learned how small a matter Death is. It is only the bustle and preoccupation of life's trivialities that makes so great entanglement of death's knot, and dresses it up in the threat of finality: common life itself is the knot, twisted up of false needs and futile longings: we turn a sharp corner and Death holds out scissors ready to cut the hopeless-seeming tangle. We find that the dreaded frown and scowl is a cowardly legend, that he is no angry stranger, eternal adversary of life, but only a homely usher, mildly, with smile of conscious apology, waiting to open a door beyond which his function ceases.

Among the rows of wounded the priest moves, seeking his own sons, though in truth he feels father of them all. Here is one: Irish, not dangerously wounded, but badly hurt and in great pain of body; in none at all of mind, but smiling, cheery, very glad to talk, and to talk to a priest, and, Irish-fashion, ready to assume that every English-speaking priest is an Irishman: more than half right this time.

Here is another: Scots, of the almost swarthy Highland type, deep-eyed, black-browed, with hard black hair, and skin through whose darkness glows a dusky flush. He comes from a little island lonely in the sad western sea, a crofter-lad, and silent by habit of his lonely life, but not hard to win to talk—of home; a home emptied by the war of father, and of five brethren, all out here: only the mother left to pray and to do six men's work as best she can: easier this work because of the emptied home; none to cook for, none to mend for: and the praying may salt the hard outdoor toil, and toil and praying God sets to stand between her and futile loneliness. The silent-natured lad makes pictures of his few plain words, and it is easy to see them—the great waste of

ocean, and the great waste of sky for background, and for fore-piece a bent and praying woman, a frugal, rugged figure, doing man's work that her men may do the work of unsung heroes here in these opulent fields of France. She herself is very easy to divine from the son's short, plain talking; a Mother in Israel. If she had fifty sons, like Hecuba, she would not grudge the sending from her side of all of them to fight: it is God's battle they are gone to fight; if He sends not all home He may be trusted to lift them to a better place. This son's right arm is shattered: will the priest write to her?

Near him lies another Scot, not Catholic—as far from Catholic, as the General Assembly of the Kirk may be from the College of Cardinals: but he also has inviting eyes, and as the priest makes to move on they beg him to linger. His name is David, and, like David, he is of a ruddy countenance: in the clear eyes there is a light of innocence, like a dog's, and of fidelity, and lovingness.

"Sir-r," he almost whispers, with the bewitching Scot's burring of the r, and a shyness wholly compelling. "I would be glad if ye would comfort me too. I'm Presbyterian: but, perr-haps . . ."

"No perhaps: if I can make you feel less lonely . . ."

"It's that, sir: just that only. I'm not so varra badly wounded: only its came over me, hearing yon lad talking to ye of his folk, to talk a wee of mine. There's nane here that would under-r-stand, but I'm thinking *you* would . . . hame's hame, Catholic or Presbyterian, Hieland-man or Low-land, and eh! mine's far away . . ."

He soon dropped "Sir," and called the Papistical, prelatical priest "Father" and meant it, and felt it. His own father was in heaven; his mother had none on earth but him. To her also the priest was to write. Simply and shyly he talked of God: and in that common Friend found instantly a bridge of meeting, that strode at once athwart all estrangement of belief.

"Ye gave," he said soon, "a wee Christ upon the Cross to yon Catholic fellow. Have ye, Father, e'en one for me? Eh! it's strange! I've seen a whole village smashed, and a whole Kirk, by they Germans' shells, but the great Christ upon the Cross stood untouched, His arms spread out, His head leaned weary, His face turned up to cry His Father's mercy on us men that killed Him . . . and all the shells couldna break Him; and He said, I mind, 'When I am lifted

up I'll draw all to myself.' Father, pray Him to draw *me*. I've been a wilful laddy, and His words have been dour and dismal talk to me . . . and I went aye my ain gate, that wasna His, and I liked laughing-talk, and merry things, and noo I know what suffering is, and I can understand better . . . Father, ye'll mind to ask Him mak me His ain laddie. Ma mither gave me, willing, to the war, as *His* gave Him, willing, to the death: ye'll write to her, and pray for her? And I'll keep this Christ upon the Cross ye give me all my life long, if any more of it is for me, and I'll never forget ye, Father, never: if He gives it me to win hame again, I'll pray always for ye: and most on Saturday at e'en, when we make the evening exercise preparing for the Sabbath, and if not . . ."

"If you get Home before me, to that other Home, you will pray still for me, that I may come there too?"

"Deed will I! Goodbye, Father . . ."

And, next, an enemy. God save the silly mark, for the priest has none. A Pole; a lad of nineteen, but of a big, stalwart figure; tall, strong and stout, and, somehow, ox-like: heavy of build, broad of chest and shoulder, slow (one would say) of motion, when life and strength were his, and now all life ebbing fast to its close.

He had been wounded on Sunday—and this was Friday: shot through the bottom of the back so as to be utterly helpless, incapable of movement, and yet, alas, not killed. They had found him early to-day, lying on his face in the dark, sodden woods; his body sodden and dank too: all gangrened now from head to foot. Through five horrible nights of pitiless rain he had lain alone, unfed, untended, anguished, slowly rotting from youthful life to inevitable death. Piti-ful Jesus! what a Purgatory for such little faults as his!

He could not move: he could only lie upon his face—and wait.

He had no French, little German: but enough of the latter to confess himself. He could not move, and the priest could only lie down beside him in the blood-reeking straw, to get near enough to hear the sobbing whispers of his confession.

He had no beauty, nor comeliness, like a Greater than he: only a big, once strong, body, all rotted now. An ungainly head, of a low mentality as to shape: lips green and terrible; eyes like the eyes of an ox, slow, large, inexpressive: and the one expression in them, "Why?"

He had no talk of home: of father, mother, brethren: or of fatherland. No talk of any sort. Hardly words enough, in the speech of his country's thief and spoiler, to confess himself. And no time: the dregs of life almost all spilled—at life's threshold. Yet he confessed: as though, throughout the ineffable anguish of those five ghastly nights of rain, he had been preparing for the chance encounter of a priest, or, if not, for the certain coming of the Great Priest of all who surely would not suffer him to die alone. Then the anointing. He tried to turn outwards the palms of the terrible hands on which he lay; but could not. He tried, with awful endeavour, to turn his head for the anointing of eyes, and ears and nostrils and mouth; but could not. All that remained to him of power he used to lift himself, as he lay face downwards, at each recurrence of the Name Ineffable, in the Latin Office: and each time he forced the stiffened, frightful lips to form the sound of the Name Incorruptible. . . . "Jesus!" "Jesus!"

All the rest of the Latin was to him incomprehensible; but that Supreme Word he knew, and waited for; and for every recurrence of it he was ready; and the great, half-dead body, obeyed the dying will, and undying loyalty, of the simple peasant-soul; and slowly, with awful insistence, the soul bade the body lift itself, and the bowed head bow lower, and the fearful lips form themselves into the sound that is for the saving of the nations . . . "Jesus!" "Jesus" "Misericordia!" So that the old priest, lying beside the dying lad in the blood and straw, shrank almost, for ruth and reverence, from uttering It, knowing that He whose It is was there, and that the Greater Priest than he was waiting for that loyal soul to fold it to His Heart . . . and at the last recurrence of It, the Polish peasant-warrior, feeling himself called to the Great Peace, twisted the ghastly gangrened lips into a childish smile, lifted himself in a supreme effort, bowed his head at his King's Feet, and whispering "JESUS," needed no further speech of ours.

About the dead lad, who had died in no quarrel of his country's, but in that of one of his country's merciless riflers and despoilers, at the hard, plain call of sheer obedience, hung no terrible odours such as Nature would have told us should be there: but, such a fragrance as those who know the sweetness of the Name he worshipped might expect.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

MISCELLANEA

I CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

REPRISALS.

THERE is something even more deadly than the fire and slaughter which the Zeppelins have lately succeeded in showering down upon us, and that is a certain confusion of moral issues, a passing obliteration of the boundary line between right and wrong, which seems likely to be the result of the resentment caused by their visit. There is a loud cry for reprisals,¹ engineered to some extent by a not very reputable newspaper, but finding an echo in some unexpected quarters. Various eminent men have written and spoken on both sides of the subject with an absence, in many cases, of the clear definitions and distinctions without which moral discussions are mere beating the air. For it is only when we refer moral questions to the law of God that we can hope to pass true judgment upon them. Sir A. C. Doyle started the debate in the *Times*² by suggesting that for every open town bombarded in Great Britain, three open towns in Germany should be similarly treated by our air-craft. He owned that our men would find such work repugnant, but whether merely to their humanitarian feelings or to their consciences he did not say. He was answered by Sir Edward Clarke, Lord Bryce, Professor Pollard, Dr. Sanday, Mr. Lister Drummond and others, who all repudiated reprisals of this sort as immoral as well as ineffective. Sir A. C. Doyle attempted to justify himself by instancing the British use of gas which no one condemns, but here he fell into the common fault of identifying breaches of international law with breaches of morality. This, as we have often insisted,³ is a radical distinction wholly necessary for right thinking on this matter. The Germans have shaken themselves free from the Hague conventions in regard to prohibited weapons in warfare. These conventions in many cases were merely positive law, embodying agreements dictated by humanitarian feeling to mitigate the sufferings of war, but not involving any question of moral right and wrong. The Hague conventions

¹ Reprisals in the sense of this note is taking life for life, not the mere destruction of the enemy's material resources, which may be quite lawful.

² Oct. 15, 1915.

³ THE MONTH, May, 1915, p. 532; June, 1915, p. 643; Oct. 1915, p. 423.

might just as reasonably have debarred the use of shrapnel or of high explosives, as of poison-gas. Being violated by our adversary they no longer bind us, and consequently gas and similar horrors may be lawfully used against the Germans according as military expediency suggests. The only check in the matter is the consideration whether civilization as a whole is likely to be benefited by an unrestrained competition in savage practices. Apart from that, if, instead of poison-gas, an enemy could envelope his armed foe in a cloud of cholera germs, there is nothing in the nature of things to prohibit his so doing. The immediate object of war is the destruction, one way or another, of the enemy's armed forces.

But it is another thing when a convention embodies, as many do, some dictate of the moral law. No amount of wrong-doing on our enemy's part can justify our imitating him then. We may not offend God to gain any advantage, however great. Never has this absolute character of the moral law been stated with more force and clearness than by Cardinal Newman, when he says in a celebrated passage:

She [the Church] holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions who are upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony, so far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say, should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, though it harmed no one, or steal one poor farthing without excuse.¹

This is the Catholic doctrine, crystallized more often into the phrase—"A good end cannot justify evil means." If, therefore, by the direct and intentional killing by the Allies of a single innocent German, the Zeppelin raids could be prevented, nay, the whole war brought to a triumphant close, such an act would still be unlawful, an act of murder, always and everywhere, because intrinsically, wrong.

Of course, the world, which affects such virtuous horror when it is told that Jesuits uphold the maxim that any means are lawful to promote a good end and which itself practises the said maxim with such assiduity when it is found convenient, will scoff at Newman's assertion. The world, as exemplified by trading concerns, will tell a thousand lies to gain some slight material advantage. The world has never shrunk from immoral practices which promise some immediate and tangible material benefit. So the world sees no moral diffi-

¹ *Difficulties felt by Anglicans*, part II, lecture viii, § 4.

culty in air-raids on open German towns, if a cessation of Zeppelin visits is likely to be the result. And, assuming that our British women and children can be protected in no other way, the unreflecting and ill-instructed advocate the destruction of German women and children, whether it be called murder or not. The *lex talionis*, expressly abrogated by the Founder of Christianity as belonging to an imperfect Dispensation, is openly invoked. But others are more discriminating, and maintain that, although killing non-combatants by Zeppelin is murder, killing non-combatants *in reprisal* by British air-craft would not be murder but justifiable homicide. Three pleas are advanced in support of this view. The first—the plea of necessity—may be dismissed, because reprisals are *not* the only way, or even indisputably the best way,¹ of stopping the original offence, and because even if they were the only way, they have still to be shown not to involve murder. Even if I can prevent the burglar from killing my harmless mother only by killing the burglar's mother, equally innocent, by no stretch of law am I justified in taking that evil means.

The second plea is that the German people approve of these Zeppelin murders, and are therefore equally guilty with their perpetrators. Punishment may accordingly be exacted from the nation indiscriminately. Against this view may be urged the impossibility of being certain what the German people know and what consequently they approve in this matter. They believe that the *Lusitania* was a warship and that Scarborough is a fortress! We cannot fasten on the whole State the immoral utterances of an Erzberger or a Reventlow. We ourselves should be very loth to have a paper like the *Globe* taken as our spokesman.

Finally it is urged—and this plea has some more weight—that the Germans are waging this war like savages, and just as in a punitive expedition against a barbarous tribe, whose forces are not embodied in a regular army, and whose Government is not really efficient and representative, the whole people are regarded as collectively responsible for the injuries to be avenged, and their property is destroyed indiscriminately, so this uncivilized foe of ours, who is waging war upon our non-combatants, should be put definitely outside the pale of civilization and treated as an outlaw. To this, again, the

¹ There was some talk early in the war of ill-treating German prisoners by way of reprisals for the inhuman usage our men were subjected to in Germany, but it was speedily felt that in such a contest of inhumanity we should be hopelessly beaten.

answer is, first that the barbarism of the German fighting forces cannot be said to be endorsed *as such* by their nation, and secondly that to put them in any practical fashion outside the pale of civilization we should have to go outside ourselves. After all, as we are Christians we must carry our Christianity even into war: we must resign ourselves to being handicapped in our methods of warfare by the obligations of the moral law. Sinking the *Lusitania* and bombing the London area are either acts of murder or lawful acts of war. If we call them the former, then we cannot emulate them: if they are lawful, then we cannot complain of them. If we grant that the character of the act is somehow changed for the better by its being done in reprisal, then the Germans have simply to say, as they might fairly do, that the recent bombing of London was in reprisal for the bombing of Karlsruhe, and thus find their justification.

I am taking for granted that the teaching of Catholic theology on the subject of the Fifth Commandment is known and accepted. The Catholic doctrine is that the direct killing of the innocent is intrinsically unlawful, *i.e.*, can never be justified on any plea. God alone, the Author of life, has the right to fix its term. But life may become forfeit in various ways. The criminal justly incurs death by process of law, the soldier by the accidents of the fight. The executioner is acting on behalf of the State, exercising its God-given powers of punishing crime. The soldier, slaying his armed foe, is *ex hypothesi* repelling under State authority an unjust aggression against the State. Thus, only as in one way or another the delegate of Almighty God, may man take the life of his fellow. But the innocent may often lose their lives in warfare, indirectly or accidentally. By a principle well-established in morality, if I have a right to do a certain act which has evil effects as well as good, I may exercise that right, provided the good effects are at least as immediate as the evil, and are of sufficient importance to warrant the evil being permitted. Thus a commander may lawfully bombard a fortified enemy position, in spite of the fact that his shells will destroy life and property which do not belong to the combatants. But, for all that, there is no suspension of the Fifth Commandment in warfare. Combatants are justified in slaying only their armed foes, for they alone represent the aggressive powers which are directed against their own State. All non-combatants, whether originally so

or become such by process of surrender, come under the protection of the divine prohibition.

Let us then by every means *morally in our power* seek reparation for the wanton slaughter of innocent civilians in our midst. For each outrage of that sort conquered Germany will have to pay heavily. And Germany, still unconquered, will also have to pay through the renewed and heightened spirit of resolution such iniquities arouse in the Allies, and in the moral bankruptcy which she has incurred in the eyes of all neutrals. But though we had a hundred German Red-Cross nurses plotting in our midst, not one of them should we put to death "in reprisal" for the cruel execution of Edith Cavell.

J. K.

THE HUNGRY DEAD.

SIR JAMES G. FRAZER, knighted some time since for his contributions to folk-lore research, has just completed a final edition of his *Golden Bough*, in twelve volumes, including a valuable, if bulky, index volume. Among the thousand and one topics connected with folk-religion touched upon in his discursive pages, there is a chapter, in the section styled *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, which deals with "the Feast of All Souls."¹ In this the author's main thesis is that our Commemoration of the Departed on November 2nd represents "an old pagan festival of the dead, which the Church, being unable or unwilling to suppress, resolved from motives of policy to connive at." Upon one aspect of this contention something was said in our last issue. We return to the subject here under a new phase in order to call attention to the extraordinary logical perversity of that school of folk-lorists of whom Sir James is a prominent representative. Briefly stated, the Frazerian argument is this: All Souls must be a pagan festival of the dead because it was characteristic of the primitive savage to conceive of the dead as returning hungry and thirsty to their former abodes, and because in virtue of this belief their relatives provided meals of which the dead were invited to partake. Now, argues Sir James, in all the more primitive districts in which Catholicism has prevailed, we find, among the peasantry, the custom of preparing cakes and sometimes other viands, such as millet porridge, on the

¹ This was published first as an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, September, 1906, and has since been reprinted three times practically unchanged.

day of All Souls. There can therefore be no question that this custom is a relic of paganism.

With regard to the making of cakes, and particularly "soul-cakes," which still survives even in this country in parts of the Welsh border, we readily grant the very general existence of such a custom. But what conceivable reason is there for regarding this as a survival of paganism? From the very earliest ages of Christianity, in the writings of St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine, emphasized in a hundred quaint provisions of monastic constitutions through all the intervening centuries, we find the principle clearly recognized that the two great means of helping the souls of the departed are prayer and *almsdeeds*.¹ Consequently from the very beginning the distribution of doles to the poor in many different forms has marked all special occasions of prayer for the departed. We say, then, that every scrap of the evidence which Sir James has so laboriously collected tends to support the view that these cakes and the practice of begging cakes or money, are nothing more than the survivals of the ancient charitable doles. But let us turn to some of the evidence. John Aubrey, writing in 1686, tells us that:

In Salop on All Souls' Day there is set on the board a high heap of soul-cakes lying one upon another like the picture of the shew bread in the old Bibles. They are about the bigness of twopenny cakes and nearly all the visitants that day take one; and there is an old rhyme or saying:

"A soul-cake, a soul-cake,

Have mercy on all Christian souls for a soul-cake."

A writer who in 1851 sent to *Notes and Queries* an account of the present-day practice, adds, as it seems to us, very justly: "This is apparently a remnant of the practice of collecting alms, to be applied to the benefit of the souls of the departed, for which especial Masses and services were formerly sung on All Souls' Day."² Miss Trevelyan, in her *Folk-lore of Wales*,³ seems also to be satisfied that the custom of "soul-ing," i.e., begging for soul-cakes, is simply a relic of the distributions of the Middle Ages, for she speaks of them as *bread*, and remarks further that what was given to those who

¹ For the evidence of this statement the reader may be referred to a little volume by the present writer just published by Messrs. Burns and Oates, entitled, *The Memory of our Dead*. The present note in fact forms part of a discussion which will be found in chapter vii. of that work.

² *Notes and Queries*, Nov. 15, 1851.

³ P. 255.

so begged was called *Bara Ran*, or dole bread. But Sir James Frazer sees very differently, and this is what he tells us of a somewhat similar custom prevalent in the Catholic districts of Germany:

In Lechrain, a district of southern Bavaria, the two feasts of All Saints and All Souls have significantly fused in popular usage into a single festival of the dead. In fact the people pay little or no heed to the Saints and give all their thoughts to the souls of their departed kinsfolk. The feast of All Souls begins immediately after vespers on All Saints' Day. Even on the eve of All Saints' Day, that is on October 31st, which we call Hallowe'en, the graveyard is cleared and every grave adorned. The decoration consists in weeding the mounds, sprinkling a layer of charcoal on the bare earth, and making out patterns on it in red service berries. . . . On the eve of All Souls' Day the people begin to visit the graves and to offer the soul-cakes to the hungry souls. Next morning we have the requiem and solemn visitation of the graves. On that day every householder offers a plate of meal, oats and spelt, on the side altar in the church. . . .

In the evening people go, whenever they can do so, to their native village, where their dear ones lie in the churchyard, and there at the graves they pray for the "poor souls" and leave an offering of soul-cakes on a side altar in the church. The soul-cakes are baked of dough in the shape of a coil of hair and are made in all sizes up to three feet long. They form a perquisite of the sexton.

It is characteristic of the writer that in paraphrasing the authority from whom these facts are derived he introduces his own gloss. There is nothing in the original about "offering soul-cakes to the hungry souls." K. von Leoprechting¹ simply says that the visiting the graves and the offering of cakes begin in the late afternoon of All Saints' Day itself. There is no word to suggest that the cakes (*Seelenzöpfe* soul-tresses) were offered to the souls or even laid upon the graves. They were, no doubt, at first a charitable alms to the clergy and the poor. Why does Sir James insist that "everywhere we may assume that the cakes were originally intended for the benefit of the hungry dead, though they are often eaten by the living."? Even from his own pages we learn that in the Upper Palatinate "it is customary to bake special cakes of fine bread and distribute them to the poor," though he adds, by way of gloss, "who eat them perhaps as the deputies of the dead." So again, copying the details supplied by

¹ *Aus dem Lechrain*, p. 199.

various local observers, he tells us how "among the German of Western Bohemia poor children go from house to house on All Souls' Day begging for soul-cakes, and when they receive them they pray to God to bless all poor souls." Similarly "in the Italian Tyrol it is customary to give bread or money to the poor on All Souls' Day, and in the Val di Ledro children threaten to dirty the doors of houses if they do not get the usual dole." Again, in Baden, according to Sir James, "a relic of the custom of feeding the dead survives in the practice of giving soul-cakes to god-children."¹ Similarly Sir James paraphrases another writer to the following effect:

In Bruges, Dinant, and other towns of Belgium holy candles burn all night in the houses on the eve of All Souls, and the bells toll till midnight or even till morning. People, too, often set lighted candles on the graves. At Scherpenheuvel the houses are illuminated and the people walk in procession carrying lighted candles in their hands. A very common custom in Belgium is to eat "soul-cakes" or "soul-bread" on the eve of the day of All Souls. The eating of them is believed to benefit the dead in some way. . . . At Dixmude and elsewhere in Belgium they say that you deliver a soul from Purgatory for every cake you eat.²

However extravagant and ridiculous this last fancy may be, or an analogous superstition said to prevail in the Rhineland that a soul is released from Purgatory for every grain of millet-corn used at this season, such imaginations do not lend any support to the Frazerian theory that the cakes and millet-porridge are provided to feed the hungry souls. The fact is that the critics who lay so much stress upon the significance of these soul-cakes and other similar customs completely fail to realize the dullness of the uneventful lives of our ancestors. They shut their eyes to the inevitable tendency under such conditions to emphasize each recurring season by some homely reminder within the competence of the housewife who baked, brewed, or otherwise catered for the needs of her family circle. Thus we have plum pudding at Christmas, cake at Twelfth Night, pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, mothering cakes at Mid-Lent, hot-cross-buns on Good Friday, coloured eggs at Easter, and so on. Formerly the list was much longer. Is it surprising that, arising out of the practice of doles, we should have cakes for All Souls' Day also, and that fancy

¹ Frazer, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris* (1914), vol. ii. pp. 72-75.

² Reinsburg, Düringsfeld, *Calendrier-Belge*, ii. 236, quoted by Frazer, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, ii. p. 70, 1914.

should weave around the central theme of deliverance from Purgatory all kinds of quaint or extravagant legends to interest the children? It must be confessed that the dry-as-dust folk-lorist who regards the existence of special cakes in November¹ as satisfactory evidence that they were intended for the hungry dead, and were only eaten vicariously by the living, seems to be just as wanting in perception and largeness of view as the most fanatical religious bigot. It is, of course, conceivable that some obscure vestiges of paganism may lurk behind these observances, but it is infinitely more probable that the whole has been generated by the doles and the oblations for the relief of the dead called into existence by the November commemoration. If Sir James Frazer submitted his theory tentatively and argumentatively as the more probable hypothesis we might hear him with more patience. But the dogmatic tone in which he imposes his explanation of "feeding the hungry dead" as a fact acquired to science, without a word to suggest that he recognizes any other view as even arguable, shows him to be in his own line of research a fanatic. His attitude is the very antipodes of that open-mindedness which is the soul of all scientific progress.

H. T.

II TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Balkans and the War.

To us to whom the issues of the war are so clear, and who are so confident of ultimate victory, the cautious, calculating, self-regarding policy of the Balkan States comes as a great surprise. That Bulgaria should side with Turkey, that Greece should hesitate about supporting Britain, that Roumania, which was on the brink of war for the Bukowina a year ago, should still remain in that strained posture—these political attitudes are so antecedently improbable that they seem to point to one uniform compelling cause. That cause is clearly the fear of Germany. The several dynasties concerned could not so traverse the demands and even the racial instincts of their peoples, unless that fear had been widely disseminated amongst them. Democracy has made such progress even in those backward States that the rulers could not venture so to determine

¹ It should be noted that the name *soul-cakes* is apparently post-Reformation. The *Oxford Dictionary* gives no example of the word earlier than the seventeenth century.

the side they should take unless their subjects were in dread and doubt. The prowess of Germany on the Eastern Front and the unscrupulous character of her diplomatic pressure have brought in Bulgaria on the wrong side, and kept Greece and Roumania out of the right. But, except for the prolongation of the war we need not regret that Bulgaria as well as Turkey is against us. The settlement when it comes will be all the easier, and tend to a more durable peace when the "sick man" is sent into Asia to continue his convalescence or, if so be, proceed with his dying, and when Bulgaria, ruled by men of her own race, has learnt to banish dreams of an undue Balkan hegemony. There will then be less fear of the enactment of such a treaty as that of Bucharest, which every Chancellery in Europe felt at the time to be made to be broken, but which none dared to insist on reconstructing on more equitable lines.

**The Anarchy
of
the Press.**

The unseemly attempt of the "Fourth Estate" in England to usurp the conduct of the war shows little signs of abating: it is the one symptom in our political life which causes the patriot the most disquietude. The abolition of party government in March was meant to further the unity of the nation in this formidable crisis. It was felt that, with the trusted leaders of both parties sharing the same responsibilities and counsels, whatever harmony our democratic government is capable of would be readily secured. Yet because the Press is not admitted into the secrets of the Cabinet, because newspapers are deprived of free trade in news, which is their raw material, a virulent campaign against the rulers of the country is being waged, especially in the *Times*, the *Globe*, and the *Daily Mail*. And this at a time when, for the heartening of our Allies and the discouragement of our foes, our national purpose should be supported with ever-growing unanimity and concentration. The position is well-nigh incredible. These Government-baiters have no sane and practical policy to recommend. "Trust the people" is their war-cry, which really means, "Let us have more grist for our particular mill." They should know very well that no better Government than we have at present is procurable in the circumstances. Even if abler and more honest men exist on either side than those actually in office, still such men must needs be inexperienced, and the confusion resulting from attempting such a change, joined to the absence of any means of selecting those who are indisputably the most capable, would certainly produce disaster. Moreover, it should be plain to the conscriptionist Press that any attempt to enforce National Service, before public opinion is won over to a recognition of its necessity or its advantages, would result in ruinous civil disorder. It is

not the people who are complaining about the censorship or the reticence of the Government. They know quite enough about the progress of the war to be able to follow its main fortunes intelligibly. That exact details of loss or gain should be withheld is of small moment, provided the essential facts are known. We do not think the Government impeccable, and the vagaries of the Press Bureau sometimes provoke legitimate resentment, but criticism which is necessarily based on inadequate knowledge, and which has no feasible remedy to propose for the evils it professes to deplore, is worse than useless and can only result in disunion at home and weakness abroad. Democracy is on its trial, and one aspect of the test is—Are we to be ruled by the accredited representatives of the people or by the irresponsible moneyed interests that have purchased the influence of the Press?

"New Days."

Happily, there are patriotic papers left, those which give a steady and general support to the Coalition, which recognize the limitations of their knowledge, which observe the party truce, and which, while helping to guide public opinion by expert comment on public affairs, regard the preservation of united action of more importance than the advocacy of any particular fad. To the ranks of these we are glad to welcome a bright little penny weekly called *New Days*, the sixth issue of which is before us. It may claim the almost unique distinction of being a secular paper which openly accepts the Christian ideal as a guide to thought and speculation, and as a test of practice. It quite fearlessly judges the conduct and writings of men and women by this standard. It does not profess omniscience: it is ready to own mistakes. A hard and vigorous hitter, it does not as a rule indulge in baseless charges and mere personalities. Having, indeed, slipped into this fault once or twice, it has published, stimulated by nothing more judicial than conscience, full apologies and amends. It is especially outspoken in detestation of the irrationalism of the agnostic and materialist, and against the various "improvements on Christianity" wherewith our antebellum civilization was being polluted. Yet it is not definitely Catholic in atmosphere, and its ethics—those, that is, of several of its contributors—are occasionally hazy enough. In politics, as far as we can see, it is eclectic, but it supports authority and insists on a clean and honest press. On the whole, the appearance of this "Journal of the New Conditions" is very welcome, and all who realize that the salvation of modern civilization lies in its return to Christianity will do well to lend it their patronage. There are many agnostic and anti-Christian journals in circulation, and religious indifference tolerates the open dissemination of immoral teaching. Papers like *New Days*, on the other hand, aim at re-baptizing public opinion.

**The Pessimism
of
the Pagan.**

It is not only through the madness of trying to wreck the Government at this crisis that the unpatriot Press is doing the country disservice. Here, for instance, is all that a journal, which makes a point of deprecating pessimism, has to offer us, to nerve us to continue this terrible struggle to the end. "After the war," says the cheerful *Saturday Review*,¹ "after the signing of peace, we can only look for years of a brazen kind of settlement. We can only expect a long period of armed neutrality, of dark suspicions that never sleep, and of an incessant vigilance as between nation and nation." Why, we wonder, does the editor say "for years" and "for a long period"? What term has he in his mind? Another war or a final victory of civilization over barbarism? St. Paul describes the heathen of his day as being "without God in this world." That pagan attitude is often visible in our modern press, and springs from a practical disbelief in Christianity. By what logical process does this writer arrive at the conviction that the Christian influences to which we owe the abolition of so many abuses and our present standard of civilization, have spent their force and cannot now move men, who have regulated their national concerns by law, to extend the same process to international dealings? "The thing," says the writer, "is utterly opposed to all the teaching of history and all the study of human nature." Now, if history teaches anything, it shows that Christianity has gradually lessened the occasions of war, confined its area and humanized its methods. (Only Germany in this conflict, with Turkey as a fitting ally, has reverted to pagan ideals and processes: the Allies' warfare is still Christian). And "all the study of human nature" only demonstrates that human nature is capable of being elevated and guided by the principles of the Gospel, and made more and more proof against the promptings of the ape and the tiger. This prophet of gloom, then, himself deserves the gibe he casts at those who have more trust than he in the radical good sense of mankind. It is he who is "a child in judgment and historical knowledge," and a mischievous child at that, for anything more calculated than his forebodings to take the heart of a people struggling nobly for a high ideal it is impossible to conceive.

**The Insolence
of Class.**

The same journal, with an incredible blindness to the signs of the times, continues its acrimonious campaign against Trade Unionism, in other words, against the working classes. It is vain to assert that the Trade Unionists form but a portion of the labourers; that all working women and the vast hordes of agricultural and unskilled and casual toilers are not members.

¹ October 16th, p. 367.

of Unions. The fact remains that whatever amelioration of their lot the workers have received, and whatever hope they entertain of further relief, have been the work of their organized associations. If they were dissolved, or were rendered powerless, the old merciless exploitation of labour, the horrors of which still make us shudder in the reports of Royal Commissions, would immediately reappear to do its deadly work. The only chance for Labour, in face of de-Christianized Capitalism, is strong combination and incessant vigilance. Those, then, who gird against the tyranny of the Unions or their selfishness and unpatriotism, have little knowledge of industrial history and little sense of the callousness of soul-less Corporations. When the working folk are treated like human beings, when for their toil they are guaranteed a sure and adequate reward, when opportunity is given them to develop themselves intellectually and spiritually, when they are recognized and treated as free members of the State, then we may expect them to have leisure for the exercise of citizen virtues. As it is, they have to overcome domestic foes as well as the enemies of their country. What wonder that their counsels are distracted? Whatever is unjust or harmful in Trade Unionism is the effect of unjust and noxious elements already existing in the body politic. It is there the remedy must be applied. Meanwhile, it is merely foolish for the *Saturday Review* to speak of the State "taking action" against the Amalgamated Trade Unions. They themselves and all they represent are the State for all practical political purposes. Their work is necessary for the State's welfare and even for its existence, we are all in their hands and we should realize the fact that the obligation to work is no more incumbent on them than it is on the West-End *flâneur*. We owe our peace and security at all times to those armies of industry, just as we owe them at the moment to our fighting forces abroad. And unless we do them justice and treat them as befits their human dignity, we cannot wonder that they seem ready to pull down the pillars of national prosperity, even though, like Samson, they themselves are buried in the ruins.

**Attacks on
the
Papal Monarchy.**

The outcry against Papal neutrality in the present war, silenced as it is amongst all save those impervious to the logic of facts, has seemingly reappeared as one of those periodic attacks upon the Papal monarchy that the rebellious sects make from time to time to justify their position. In various periodicals during the past month or so different writers have been elaborating, to their own satisfaction at least, proof of the untenability of the doctrine of the Supremacy of the Pope—a doctrine, which now as ever, is the one final test of orthodoxy. A non-Catholic,

writing in the *Nineteenth Century* for October, undeterred by the failure of many similar prophecies in the past, predicts that the development given to the principle of nationality by this war will result in the final break-up of the Roman system and the establishment of National Churches! We are not surprised to learn that he is a member of that stronghold of Erastianism, the Orthodox Church. The competence of this particular seer may be judged from the fact that he imagines that Papal infallibility would be in some way involved in the Pope's condemnation of German outrages. The bulk of his paper is an impudent travesty of the Pope's attitude and motives in this matter, and the usual assumption of intimate knowledge of Catholic thought and feeling. Catholics have good reason to complain of the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* admitting to his pages such a bigoted and undocumented assault on Catholic belief, but he would probably answer that, along with the bane, he has presented a very effectual antidote in the shape of the preceding article—a clear and cogent explanation of the Pope's position, by Mgr. Canon Moyes.

Another attack on the Papacy, much more reasonable, courteous, and restrained, yet inspired by the same misunderstanding of the workings of the doctrine in the Church, appears in the *English Church Review* for October, from the pen of the Rev. Thos. J. Hardy. Mr. Hardy writes as if there were no freedom of thought in Catholicism: as if Papal infallibility in matters of faith and morals had a numbing effect upon all speculation and research: as if the central Papal authority extinguished all initiative throughout the Church: as if in proportion as one became a good and effective Catholic one ceased to be a good "Roman": as if the functions of "God's aboriginal Vicar," the human conscience, were superseded by the discipline of the Church: as if the Pope were a merely arbitrary instead of being a rigidly constitutional monarch—all of which ridiculous misconceptions, due to the outsider's inexperience, make one wonder why good and learned men think Catholicism the one subject on which they can safely discourse *a priori*.

So, like its founder, the Papacy remains *Signum cui contradicetur* by the good and bad, the learned and ignorant, alike.

**The Vice-Gerent
of God.**

Mr. Hardy goes on to substantiate his attack by affecting to find in Catholicism a growing disposition to deify the Pope, and cites, in support, certain hyperbolical utterances of French enthusiasts regarding the person of St. Peter's successor. He might, if he had pursued his researches further, have paralleled them from writers of other nationalities as well. As in similar eulogies of our Blessed Lady the right interpretation of such expres-

sions is obtained, not by a cold analysis of their strict meaning, as if they were set theological theses, but by recognizing that they are the impassioned embodiment of fervent devotion, trammelled by the inadequacy of human language. That the Papacy should excite such devotion is surely very natural. In diplomatic usage the homage and consideration shown to the ambassador of a monarch is in many respects akin to that shown to royalty itself, and varies in degree according to the greatness of the personage represented. Given, then, that a certain ecclesiastic holds the place formerly held by St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and represents in the government of the Church the person of her Founder, is it astonishing that believers in this fact should surround that ecclesiastic with every sort of homage in word and act, as holding incomparably the highest official position to which a creature can be raised? Non-Catholics seem incapable of making allowance for this particular Catholic article of faith, and so, instead of seeking to refute the belief itself, are content to attack the practices which are the natural fruit of it.

**Turkey, Germany,
and
the Armenians.**

We are paying dearly in Gallipoli for the mistake of "backing the wrong horse" and giving our support to the unspeakable Turk when formerly the chance arose of freeing Europe from the pollution of his rule. But he is going at last, terrible though the cost be: that brigand Empire is dissolving characteristically in pillage and massacre. Nothing more fiendishly wanton than the extermination of the Christian Armenians has occurred even in this war of horrors. His Christian allies have not stirred hand or foot to restrain the Moslem murderer; nay, German writers, including, alas! Catholic papers, have justified and defended him. We do not expect Christianity from a man like Count Reventlow,¹ but it was to be hoped that some Catholic voice would be raised in Germany to denounce what is so open and acknowledged a fact, so devoid of excuse or shadow of justification, that the Holy Father has been able to regard the matter as a *chose jugée*, and has written a letter of protest to the Sultan. Perhaps German Catholics have also protested, but it is more likely that they are kept in ignorance of the real facts.

The Turkish Empire has never justified its existence: it has never ruled for the good of its subjects: it has failed in all essential points of government: its rule has blighted every land over which it was exercised: it has even infected to some extent its Christian subjects with its own barbarous vices. There never was a time, one might venture to say, when rebellion against

¹ We trust a collection is being made of Reventlow's comments on incidents of the war. They are a complete embodiment of the anti-Christian Prussian *ethos*, the destruction of which gives to our fighting the inspiration of a crusade.

it was not justified, given the prospect of success. And now it is passing, passing from Europe and from the coasts, at least, of Asia Minor, passing, let us hope, from the whole of Palestine, back into its original deserts. The remnants of the Turkish hordes are now a small people, only about two millions being left in Europe; but they have been there too long.

**The
Anti-Treating
Act.**

The liability of incurring six months' hard labour and a fine of £100 seems a somewhat incongruous result of offering a neighbour a friendly glass, yet it is the fate that now over-

shadows generous, if thoughtless, souls in the London area, and various other scheduled districts of Great Britain. It is an admirable object-lesson of the power vested in the State to make legal crimes out of practices which, innocent in themselves, have by force of circumstances become injurious to public welfare. This particular practice of treating, born though it be of kindly sentiment, will perhaps come to be recognized as almost as injurious in times of peace, being one prolific source of enormous wastage of physical health and material resources. But who would have imagined before the war its being put down by law? Who could have thought that the State could, without a word of protest, so venture to attack so inveterate a habit? The fact seems to show that, in spite of appearances, the public consciousness is becoming alive to the irrationality of drinking customs, and the reasonableness of putting some restraint upon them. What human respect has hitherto prevented the average man from avoiding, he will gladly avoid at the instance of the law.

It is time that the same beneficent force was invoked to put an end to the scandal of women squandering their separation allowances on strong drink. In the interests of little children the State prohibits them being brought into public-houses, but it does not prevent the money given for their support being wasted there. We cannot, all the same, lay the whole blame of this unnatural conduct on the mothers. We have tolerated conditions of life for many of the working class which afford no means of relief and recreation except the public-house. The phenomenon is only one indication of the de-Christianized social surroundings in which the poor have to live. The blame must be shared by all those who, having themselves scope for more worthy relaxations, decline weakly upon this. The evil of their bad example is constantly at work. More significant of a half-hearted patriotism even than the prevalence of the "slacker" is the refusal of the community as a whole to heed the exhortations of their spiritual leaders, the counsels of their political guides, and the example of their King, by refraining at this time of acute crisis from that most injurious form of extravagance, alcoholic indulgence.

**Bequests
for
Pious Objects.**

In our September issue, writing on Bequests for Secularist Objects, we implied that the anti-Catholic legislation of Edward VI. concerning bequests for Masses still influenced the decisions of English law. A correspondent reminds us that about seven years ago Lord Chief Justice Pallas in Ireland decided in an appeal case that legacies for Masses were good bequests in law, a decision which presumably gives a precedent to the English Courts as well. Two years ago another Catholic disability was removed by an English decision that bequests to religious orders were good in law, and the Master of the Rolls in Ireland has since acknowledged that that ruling holds universally.

**The C. S. G.
and Social
Reconstruction.**

The task of social reconstruction after the war will be greatly aided by light thrown by war conditions on the anti-social influences allowed in peace-time to flourish amongst us. These anti-social influences are anti-religious as well, for it is God who has instituted human society, and whatever tends really to injure it must be contrary to His law. The unending civil war between capital and labour, the wrongs which women have to suffer, the defective religious education of children, the prevalence of trades that minister to self-indulgence and vanity, the vice that is rampant in our streets—all these corroding ulcers of the commonwealth are seen now to be sources of national weakness, not merely personal foibles of individuals. On the other hand, none, of course, can be cured by legislation alone: they spring from corruption of heart—a disease which religion alone can heal. In his notable address at the Birmingham Catholic Social Guild Conference, on Oct. 10th, the Bishop of Northampton showed with great force that the present cataclysm betokened, not the failure of Christianity, which indeed has not yet been tried, but the breakdown of the various nostrums by means of which religious and political quacks have striven to supplant Christianity. Prussianism is the negation of Christianity, and Prussianism is not confined to Germany. The substitution of might for right is seen in every attempt made by the individual to attain some end or to employ some means not sanctioned by morality. On Christians, then, lies the task of showing the social value of Gospel principles, of reconciling a society which has fallen from grace, of exposing and denouncing every attack upon the foundations of civil welfare, under whatever specious plea it is made. The enthusiastic meeting which the Bishop addressed was a striking testimony to the growth of that "social sense" which the Catholic Social Guild exists to implant and develop.

**The Toleration
of
Social Evils.**

War has necessitated legislation against the drinking-habits of the nation: war has further invoked the law against another evil of our times—the abominable night-clubs, haunts of gambling and debauchery, which are so recent a symptom of social corruption, on the ground of the injury they do to officers of the Army. Military efficiency is the avowed motive in both these cases: the State professes little concern for God's law, the observance of which is yet so necessary for its welfare. It is a sad commentary on the spirit with which many amongst us are facing this crisis in our national history that such legislation should be necessary. And we must sadly confess that more of the sort is needed. There is little sign here of that return to God which is reported to be so evident in France to-day: there is no marked increase of religious observance: there is no notable improvement of public morality. A Catholic lady had lately to protest, as successfully, we are glad to say, as boldly, against a salacious item in the programme of a high-class London place of amusement. Some weeks ago a Limerick audience still more vigorously swept the stage clear of a smutty play with which they were being insulted. We are but sorry Crusaders (too like, indeed, the original article), to set out to wage a holy war against a monstrous injustice, whilst tolerating, not to say fostering, so much evil in our midst. Even the popular Cinemas, which are supposed to be under censorship, are now exhibiting a dramatic version of a filthy novel banned by all respectable libraries. Not so shall we secure God's blessing on our arms. Yet without God's blessing how shall we succeed?

**The Depopulation
of France.**

Many are the causes of the European war, both proximate and remote. Amongst the latter may surely be counted race-suicide in France. In November last year we quoted statistics to show that France, the population of which exceeded that of Germany in 1850, had to deplore in 1913 a comparative shortage of 18 millions. In 1911 births in Germany exceeded those in France by 1,126,000. Our valued contemporary, the *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, continuing its investigations in an article¹ to which we may return for fuller discussion, points out that France before the war had nearly two million sterile families, three millions with only one child each, and that the number of marriageable celibates, always increasing, had reached six millions. In the fifty years between 1850 and 1900—

France gained	3,701,000	inhabitants
Great Britain	14,000,000	"
Germany	20,000,000	"
Austria	14,000,000	"
Russia	62,000,000	"
Italy	8,833,000	"

In view of the war the significance of these figures is obvious.

¹ September 1, 1915.

III NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Indulgences, The Doctrine of, II. III. [A. d'Alès in *Etudes*, Sept. 20, 1915, p. 481; Oct. 5-20, 1915, p. 30].

Marriages, Mixed—how they can be done away with [M. V. Kelly in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Oct. 1915, p. 411].

Matter, The Mystery of [E. R. Hull, S.J., in (Bombay) *Examiner*, Sept. 25, Oct. 2, Oct. 9, 1915].

"Parousia," The Biblical Commission and the [C. Lattey, S.J., in *Tablet*, Oct. 9, 1915, p. 456].

Paul, St., What was his infirmity [Hugh Pope, O.P., in *Irish Theological Quarterly*, Oct. 1915, p. 418].

Penance, Historical Survey of the Sacrament of [Rev. J. Blouick in *Irish Theological Quarterly*, Oct. 1915, p. 397].

Religion, Primitive, Prehistoric data concerning, II. [Th. Mainage in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Oct. 1, 1915, p. 10].

Reprisals, Catholic teaching concerning [*Month*, Nov. 1915, p. 530].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anglicanism, "Kikuyu," later developments [A. H. Nankivell in *Catholic World*, Oct. 1915, p. 33]. Use of French Catholic Churches explained [Archbishop of Rouen in *Tablet*, Oct. 9, 1915, p. 458]. Inadequateness of Anglicanism "at the Front" [J. Britten in *Month*, Oct. 1915, p. 373].

Eugenist Fallacies [A. O'Malley in *America*, Sept. 18, 1915, p. 557]. Mr. Havelock Ellis' Eugenic immorality exposed [P. J. Blakely, S.J., in *America*, Sept. 25, 1915, p. 598].

Kant: False religious philosophy of [A. Rahilly in *Month*, Oct. 1915, p. 356].

Laplace and the "hypothesis of God" [*Tablet*, Oct. 9, 1915, p. 463].

Magna Carta, The First Clause of [Father S. Smith, S.J., in *Month*, Nov. 1915, p. 459].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Armenia, The Massacre of Christians in [*Tablet*, Oct. 9, 1915, p. 459].
Catholic Social Guild: Birmingham Conference [*Tablet*, Oct. 16, 1915, p. 499].

Germanism. Its error of conscience ["Un Professeur" in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Oct. 15, 1915, p. 65].

Luther and Germany in the European War [F. Pinardel in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Oct. 15, 1915, p. 91].

Papal Neutrality, Explanation and Defence of [Mgr. Moyes in *Nineteenth Century*, Oct. 1915, p. 851].

Prophecies, about the War, Evolution of false French [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, Sept. 20, 1915, p. 466]. Brother Johannes' Apocalypse [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, Oct. 5-20, 1915, p. 72].

Temperance: Summary of restrictive measures on drink [*Tablet*, Oct. 16, 1915, p. 489]. Prohibition of Alcohol, unCatholic [L. Johnston in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Oct. 1915, p. 373].

War and God's Goodness [S. F. Smith in *Month*, Oct. 1915, p. 337].

Working-Class, The Rights of the [*Athenaeum*, Sept. 25, 1915, p. 203].

REVIEWS

I—THE SOUL OF THE WAR¹

WAR has kept its glamour—"battle's magnificently stern array," "the brilliance of battle, the bloom and the beauty, the splendour of spears," and so forth—because the majority of people see its apparatus only in peace time. The value of Mr. Gibbs' book, which is one of the most considerable in the whole literature of the war, lies mainly in the fact that it shows warfare as it is, a complexus of physical horrors and moral anguish, a reversion to barbarism wherein the brute in man has full scope for his passions of rage and lust and fear, wherein too the strength and glory of the soul of man triumph in unselfish devotion to a great cause. In ten vivid chapters, each a series of pen-pictures displaying a consummate mastery of words, Mr. Gibbs relates his own experiences and impressions in France and Flanders during the early months of the great conflict. At a time when the war-correspondent was treated almost as severely as the spy, the author got close to the firing-line, justifying his position by devoted, if unauthorized, service of the wounded, and thus coming into touch with the realities of fighting. *The Soul of the War* is not so much an account of the spirit, compounded of patriotism, pride, adventure, duty, human respect and what not, which nerves men who have no personal quarrel, to engage in armed conflict, as of the true character of that conflict under modern conditions, stripped of the disguise wherewith convention clothes it. He represents the French, with whom chiefly he consorted, as one and all hating the necessity of fighting under which they laboured, yet unshakeable in their devotion to *la patrie*. He describes the chastening of Paris, which more than any other capital is the epitome of the whole country—a description, it must be confessed, which insinuates the unutterable putridity of social life there, only partially cauterized by the flames of war. He follows the French soldier into the trenches where his realistic pen spares us no terrible and loathsome detail. He notes, in his military types, the lewdness of speech and song that several generations of Godless

¹ By Philip Gibbs. Fourth Impression. London: Heinemann. Pp. 362. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

schooling have developed in a race already too prone to the cult of the flesh. He consoles us by accounts of the wonderful influence for good caused by the example of the conscript clergy, although he fails to realize, in his disgust of the whole barbaric process, that Christianity, so far from counselling an indiscriminate pacifism, emphasizes on occasion the patriotic duty of fighting. This is, indeed, the one weakness in this powerful book, the ignoring of the fact that according to the goodness or badness of the cause for which it is waged, war is either heroic self-sacrifice or organized murder. There were horrors enough in the battles and sieges conducted by Blessed Joan of Arc, yet her enterprise was a holy one and had Heaven's express sanction. Still Mr. Gibbs' indignation against war as a method of conducting international relations springs from a right and generous instinct. It is deplorable that in a civilization created by Christianity, it should still be necessary to defend one's rights by the crude exercise of force. How deplorable this fine book tells, with a quiet and reiterated emphasis which, please God, will have its share in bringing mankind at last under the reign of reason and law.

2—CATHOLICISM IN FRANCE AND ITALY,
FROM 1845 TO 1849¹

THAT this full and vivid description of Catholicism in France and Italy, commenced seventy years ago, should only come into the hands of the public during the present *annus mirabilis*, is of itself an event of interest; and the reader will do wisely to cut out the explanation of it somewhat casually given by a publisher's note on the cover, and to paste it safely inside, for they will find there no allusion to the curious circumstances of its origin, which in brief are as follows.

Mr. T. W. Allies, then Rector of Launton, Oxfordshire, began in 1845 to go abroad to study the Catholic Church at first-hand in Catholic countries, and he continued to do so for four years: during the first journey he was accompanied at first by Charles Marriott, then by John Wynne, and John H. Pollen, all of whom played not inconsiderable parts among the later Tractarians; and their letters and opinions, which are quoted, materially strengthen the author's presentation of his views and experiences.

¹ *Journal in France and Letters from Italy, 1845—1849.* By T. W. Allies. Burns and Oates. Pp. xvii and 379. Price, 6s. net. 1915.

The final result is a curiously vivid, faithful, and interesting picture of the work then being done by the Church in France, in Italy, and in parts of Germany. With the doings and conversation of such men as Newman, "Dr." Grant, and "Mr. Morris, a young convert from Cambridge," we have also those of Lacordaire, of both the brothers Ratisbonne, of Ravignan, Manzoni, and a host of leading Catholics of that day, especially in France. Their hopes, views, methods and undertakings are told with singular clearness. The writer, though always well disposed, is at first hostile on some points, and always remains critical, keen in observation, and precise in recording facts.

In 1849 he printed his journals, but Samuel Wilberforce, his Bishop, was already in arms against him, and before the book could come into the hands of the public, it was surreptitiously bought up and destroyed. More than two generations have now passed; and non-Catholics as well as Catholics will read the book with pleasure. The compliment of having been suppressed by "Soapy Sam" is a high one, and on the whole well deserved; though the publishers ought to have told us that they were omitting Allies' Appendix, which was distinctly controversial and probably offended the Anglican Bishop more than anything else. They have printed instead another journal, which makes much better reading. This volume may be commended, not only for the perpetual vitality of its subject, but also as cheery in tone, sane in criticism, abounding in pleasant pages, with good stories not few.

3—TWENTY LOURDES MIRACLES¹

DR. GRANDMAISON DE BRUNO'S *Vingt Guérisons à Lourdes* was published as far back as 1912, but it was only sent to us a few months ago, and it would be a misfortune not to use the opportunity for calling the attention of English readers to a book of such importance. Dr. Grandmaison de Bruno is a distinguished French physician, who has always taken a professional interest in the wonderful cures that occur in such profusion at Lourdes. He has been moved to write the volume now before us by the feeling that, whereas "only a medical man is capable of deciding whether some of the cures at Lourdes do or do not surpass the efficacy of the

¹ *Vingt Guérisons à Lourdes discutées médicalement*. 2e. édition. Par Docteur de Grandmaison de Bruno. Paris: Beauchesne. Pp. iii. 313. Price, 3 fr. 50. 1912.

general laws of physiology and pathology," most of the books written on the subject have in view the general reader, and, though in some cases containing sufficient medical information to be convincing, "merge it in a flood of details which are useless and uninteresting considered from a purely medical standpoint." It is thus a book for doctors that the author has written, and it is this which constitutes its special value. He has selected twenty Lourdes cures which are claimed as miraculous, and has discussed them under their purely medical aspects, in a spirit of impartiality which to some of his readers may seem to be excessive, but which makes his favourable conclusions all the more valuable—for his final conclusion is that "the extraordinary cures are not so frequent as the pilgrims imagine; but those which are wrought are so decisive that a really independent spirit cannot deny them."

Out of the twenty cases he has selected for examination two, in his judgment, do not deserve to be accounted miraculous. Of one of these, that of Raymonde Buffenoir, he gives an account which shows clearly that, if perhaps benefited to some extent, she was certainly not cured of the infantile paralysis from which she had always suffered. We do not, however, gather that her cure had been accepted as such by those in charge of the *Bureau des Constatations*, of whose searching methods the author has a high idea, but only that the pilgrims had accepted it in the first instance. Unfortunately Dr. Grandmaison does not give any account of the other case he had to reject.

Of the remaining eighteen cases, all which belong to the group of best-known Lourdes cures, he selects fifteen for full medical discussion, describing the remaining three more compendiously, yet still with sufficient detail to indicate their true character. The fifteen fully discussed are those of Marie Lebranchu, Marie Lemarchand and Clementine Trouvé, that is, the three Zola cases, and those of Angèle Lorence, Léonie Lévêque, Marguerite Vervier, Marie Borel, Armandine Roux, Blanche Pallière, Jeanne Furtenelli, Pierre de Rudder, Gabriel Gargam, Gabrielle Durand, Jeanne Tulasne, Marie Antoinette Rivière. We give the names, as they are names familiar to those who take an interest in the history of Lourdes. Out of this number, the earliest of whom was cured in 1875, and the latest in 1911, all but two are still living and enjoying perfect health, or were at all events when Dr. Grandmaison wrote. Of the two that are now dead, one is de Rudder,

who, being cured in 1875, continued in the enjoyment of his health and the full use of his limbs till 1898, when he died of pneumonia at the age of seventy-five. The other is Clementine Trouvé, cured of tuberculous periostitis of the heel-bone in 1891, who died of general tuberculosis ten years later. This last might seem to be a case of relapse witnessing that the cure had not been solid. Dr. Grandmaison discusses the objection, but concludes that the miracle of 1891 was real. "I saw," said Madame Lallier, who had bathed her, "a large wound on her right heel close of itself, as it were, under my eyes; the parts of the flesh came together, just as if they had re-sewn themselves to each other." Madame Lallier, says Dr. Grandmaison, was one of the profane, but the observation was well within her competence, and was corroborated by the nature of the circumstances; nor did this periostitis of the heel-bone recur. It was the lungs which were affected ten years later.

In the concluding portion of his book the author resumes his observations, and concludes that "the cures at Lourdes are habitually instantaneous, or at least very rapid"; that "the curative agencies employed [such as bathing in pure water] are of the simplest kind and without value from a medical standpoint"; that "the cures habitually coincide with some prayer or religious manifestation." He then states and discusses nine of the objections to the hypothesis of miracles that are wont to be urged by unbelievers. We would exhort all our Catholic doctors, indeed doctors of all kinds, not case-hardened in scepticism, to provide themselves with this cheap little book and study it.

4—THE PANTHEON BABYLONICUM¹

A LEARNED study of an Assyriological question such as Father Deimel has given us requires an Assyriologist to review it competently, and Assyriologists are not to be had at beck and call. It is because it could not be undertaken in the quarter to which we had sent it, that only now, after more than a year from the time of its publication, we are able to give it the inadequate notice which will at least serve to make its character known to our readers. It may

¹ *Scripta Pontificii Instituti. Pantheon Babylonicon. Nomina Deorum ex textibus cuneiformibus excerpta et ordine alphabetico distributa.* Edidit Antonius Deimel, S.J. Romæ. Pp. xvi, 264, 40. Price, 8 lire. 1914.

be called a lexicon of the names of Babylonian gods that are to be found in the cuneiform text. These gods, as is known, are very numerous, even so far as they have up to now been identified, and there is reason for thinking that they will be found to be more numerous still when more tablets are unearthed, or those already in hand have been more thoroughly investigated. Father Deimel's book contains 3,300 of these names, yet he does not claim for his list that it includes all for the recognition of which authority could be found, though he does claim that it surpasses in completeness any as yet published.

It may be asked how comes it that the Babylonian Pantheon was so well-stocked, and that of names, so many of which must have been obscure, so many should have been preserved. The first of these questions is answered by the mode in which Babylonia grew into a great centre of empire, out of what appears to have been originally a collection of independent cities, each of which had in its palmy days a god of its own, of which its petty ruler was the *palesi*, or human representative. As these small elements were absorbed by degrees into larger sovereignties, the gods of the predominant rulers became proportionately predominant over the other gods, and some were exalted to the supreme rank in the estimation of their clients. It was thus that Marduk, about the time of Hammurabi, came to be regarded among the Babylonians as the chief of the gods, just as happened to Assur among the Assyrians.

In the evolution of this grouping process, some of the more notable gods became merged with others, which is not surprising where they had hitherto represented the same natural objects or phenomena; and others became reduced to the state of satellites to the greater gods—somewhat on the analogy of the relation of Christian saints to the Supreme God, though, of course, with the essential difference that the Christians do not look upon their saints as gods as did the Babylonians their inferior deities.

To the further question, how the names of so many gods, many of which had ceased to occupy any prominent place in Babylonian worship, came to be preserved in the tablets, the answer is that they occur chiefly in the forms of exorcism, which appear to have been constructed on the plan of invoking in long litanies the names of as many gods as possible, to lend their services for overcoming the evil spirits.

Father Deimel's Lexicon is preceded by some introductory

chapters in which he describes the available sources from which he has drawn, explains in outline the conception the Babylonians had of the nature, origin, immortality and *habitat* of their gods, and of their number and grouping, and discusses the question of the alleged Babylonian Monotheism, and likewise that of the alleged derivation of the religion of Israel from that of Babylon. Primarily, as the author acknowledges, this Lexicon is for the use of Assyriologists, but its treatment, concise though it is, of questions such as these latter, brings it within the scope of Biblical students generally. Needless to say, Father Deimel opposes the contention of Delitzsch, Haupt, Jensen and Zimmern, who have run mad over "the Gilgamesh Epos," and find in its supposed influence on the origins of Christianity the sufficient explanation of what, for them, is the unhistorical legend of the life and work of Jesus of Nazareth. His final conclusions, for which he brings sound evidence, are that, whereas the pure and explicit monotheism of the Hebrews is a fact that can be established with historical certitude, the attempts to derive it from the pretended monotheism of the Babylonians or any other nation, are vain, and will always remain so; that in like manner there is no solid ground for tracing a parallelism between the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, or of the Messias, and anything corresponding in the Babylonian beliefs, still less of establishing any parentage between one and the other; nor is there any parallelism between the Hebrew and the Babylonian attitudes of mind towards evil spirits, and much less between Christian and Babylonian beliefs. The sole point of resemblance between the two is in short that which necessarily springs from the community of nature which necessarily impels the various races of the earth to give expression to their fundamental ideas of worship and its appropriate expression in a similar way.

In the Lexicon itself Father Deimel becomes too learned for any but Assyriologists to follow. Still, in some of the longer entries he has paragraphs that come well within the scope of non-expert students, and enable them to estimate some of the pretended evidence on which the claim to derive Christian or Hebrew from Babylonian conceptions is based. The headings Anum, Gi-bil, Gis-bi-ga-me[s], Ea, Kal, Marduk, Ti-amat, are of this nature.

The last forty pages of the volume are taken up with two lithographed catalogues in cuneiform characters to illustrate the mode of transcription adopted.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

MGR. TISSIER, Bishop of Chalons, so well-known for his homiletical works, addressed largely to women and young people, and since become more famous for the great and many part he has played in a diocese subjected to German invasion, issues through Messrs. Téqui yet another volume, *La Femme au Foyer* (price 3.50 frs.), devoted to moral and spiritual direction. It has all the marks of directness, combined with sympathetic understanding, which marked *La Langue des Femmes*, but is of wider scope, being in fact little short of a complete code of domestic morals. It cannot but aid powerfully to restore what French life, like our own, has long so greatly needed—a full and healthy sense of the supreme social and religious importance of family life and parental responsibility.

APOLOGETIC.

The story of the regrettable difficulties which, in consequence of the war, have fallen on the work of the Jesuit Society, and so far upon the work of the Church generally, in India is sufficiently well-known. The actual result was perhaps inevitable; at any rate no useful purpose would be served by a discussion of it here and now. But many Catholics, we are sure, even of those not especially interested in Jesuit affairs, will be glad that we have on record, in Father Hull's *The German Jesuit Fathers of Bombay*, the most ample evidence that the steps taken, even if we grant them to have been in the circumstances unavoidable, constituted one of those "hard cases" which happen in time of war. We would, moreover, commend to the serious consideration of political thinkers, Father Hull's general remarks upon the principles, economic as well as religious, that are involved. The booklet is issued by the Examiner Press of Bombay at the price of 4 annas.

DEVOTIONAL.

The latest volume of Messrs. Washbourne's "Standard-bearers of the Faith" is an excellent little book entitled *The Life of Saint Monica*, by F. A. Forbes, with three illustrations not quite so excellent by Mr. F. R. Maguire, and a reproduction of Ary Scheffer's impossible but popular picture. We may approve the excellence of the book while still protesting that a story in fictional form, with fictional dialogue, however close to the facts of history, ought not to be called a "Life" of a Saint. The established use of the language renders the title misleading. The story, however, is written with attractive simplicity, and makes an excellent gift-book for young people, whether in the bright cloth cover at one shilling net, or in leather at half-a-crown.

One of the most attractive of the recent issues of the Catholic Truth Society is Mr. Alban H. Smith's compilation, *Hymns from the Roman Breviary* (price 3d. net). The unsurpassed translations are still those of half-a-century ago—Neale first and foremost, Newman, and Caswall—and Mr. Smith shows nothing more than common sense in recognizing the fact, though perhaps in view of the practice of Catholic compilers of hymn-books, our praise ought to be rather more warmly expressed. The selection—difficult where there is such *embarras de richesses*—has been very well done.

WAR BOOKS

Messrs. Bloud and Gay publish, at the low price of 30 centimes, the conferences given at the Madeleine by Père Sertillanges, entitled **La Vie heroïque**. They follow the course of the war, applying its lessons, and asserting its claims on the heroism of the nation, with an oratorical force characteristic of the great days of the French pulpit eloquence. No. 7. for instance, *La Justice Vengeresse*, deals in burning periods with the desecration of the Cathedral of Rheims—"morte, elle aussi, sur le champ d'honneur." But M. Sertillanges should not misquote his Virgil. "Parcere subditis" will not scan. It is "parcere subjectis."

Another war-book of the same class is that of the Abbé Stephen Coubé, the diligent and popular writer of so many devotional treatises, and editor of that excellent monthly, *L'Idéal*. In his volume, **Nos Alliés du Ciel** (Lethellieux: price 3 frs.), consisting of conferences delivered at Ste Clotilde, at Paris, at Rennes and elsewhere, he unfurls for our encouragement and edification the oriflamme of St. Denis, the white banner of the Blessed Maid, and many another standard of French piety and victory, down to that of "la Bienheureuse de Paray." France, in fact, is the well-beloved of the Saints, as also of the Sacred Heart. What the relation of the former to Germany just now may be, the Abbé Coubé speculates in a manner sufficiently piquant. Apropos of the Blessed Maid, his greeting to the England of to-day is of a warmth that leaves nothing to be desired.

We welcome very heartily the reprint which reaches us from the office of *La Revue Hebdomadaire* of the **Souvenirs des Meaux** of Mgr. Marbeau, the Bishop of that city, whose heroism throughout the short German visitation of his cathedral city was one of the features of the war. Needless to say, we are allowed to read little of this, save between the lines, but we have instead an extremely vivid picture of those exciting days from the 1st to the 15th of September last year, as well as some welcome testimony to the revival of religious enthusiasm in the invaded districts. Some very striking illustrations add to the interest of an already most interesting booklet. Its price is only 50 centimes.

A more substantial volume is the **Echoes de Guerre** of the Abbé Gorse (Téqui, Paris), in which we have, for 3.50 frs., 504 solid pages, in no large type, covering generally almost the whole ground of the war. The diplomatic origins, the secret German preparations, espionage, the atrocities in Belgium and France, the early military operations, the "miracle of the Marne," the effects of the war, religious and social, on the French people—such topics and many others, are discussed with a clearness of arrangement and a brilliance of language that leave nothing to be desired. We are never allowed, too, to forget that the book is at once the work of a priest as well as a Frenchman, though the author permits himself a greater strength of language than appears in the more official *Guerre Allemande* of Mgr. Baudrillart. We cordially commend the book to our readers as an admirable sketch of the war as it appears to the popular and average mind of France.

In the latest penny publication that reaches us from the Australian Catholic Truth Society, **The Priest on the Battlefield**, Father Lockington, S.J., devotes the greater part of his space to stories of the French and Belgian Clergy and Religious such as have already become happily familiar to us in the Mother Country. Their circulation in Australia is greatly to be welcomed, and more particularly the admirable final

chapter in which Father Lockington points the moral of his tale. We in England would gladly welcome a pamphlet dealing with the heroic story of the Catholics who in such large numbers, both cleric and lay, are present in the Australian and New Zealand contingents. In **Personal Prohibition Needed—Not National** the same author rejects the Prohibition-policy advocated by temperance extremists as being at once unCatholic and ineffective.

Very rightly named is the little prayer-leaflet which reaches us from Messrs. O'Brien and Ards, 62, Parnell Street, Dublin, entitled **The Soldier's Shield**, and published at the low price of 4d. a dozen, for it places in the forefront in large type that which theologically is the one thing that matters—the Act of Perfect Contrition. The remainder of the short contents is equally to the point, and we are particularly glad to see the last page occupied by the ancient and beautiful prayer attributed to St. Patrick—"Christ protect me," etc.

Messrs. Washbourne publish in pamphlet form for one penny a short anonymous account of **A Belgian Martyr of the War**, Father Dergent, of Gelrode. This holy priest is mentioned in Cardinal Mercier's famous article as having suffered "a veritable martyrdom." We are grateful for this short and touching account of his last days. This shocking story cannot fail to deepen our reverence for the heroic clergy of Belgium, and harden our determination to pursue their cause to the very end.

One of the most important contributions from the Catholic point of view to the literature of the war has been Dr. Adrian Fortescue's article in the June issue of *Studies* upon **Russia and the Catholic Church**. We are glad to see that this very learned and equally judicious piece of work has now been re-published by the Catholic Truth Society as a penny pamphlet, and we commend it very earnestly to the careful consideration of our readers. Dr. Fortescue does not shirk the difficulties of the situation as they have developed since the war began. We fear that the course of events since June has in some respects intensified them. Still we see no reason for modifying the generally hopeful outlook which at the time of writing Dr. Fortescue felt able to adopt.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Père Poulain, S.J., that now classical authority upon spiritual experience, was entrusted some time back with a very remarkable manuscript, consisting of the notes of a French lady living in the world, who died in 1908, upon her own experiences in the life of prayer. Published under a pseudonym, they are now issued in an English translation—**Spiritual Journal of Lucie Christine** (Kegan Paul and Co.: price 5s.). At the age of twenty-nine this lady attained to the highest mystical graces, and, what is more rare and gives the work its special value, received the gift of being able to describe them, so far as such things are capable of description. As is well known, Père Poulain—and there could be no higher authority—holds a strong view, as did many other men of sound judgment, like our own Father Bertrand Wilberforce, about the extent to which God pleases to give His special graces in prayer to persons living in the world. But though Madame Lucie has many things to say that are helpful to persons interested in points concerning ordinary affective prayer (on page 50 she throws light on a point which even Père Poulain had not made very clear in his classic work), the substance of her work goes far beyond this, and so far as an ordinary reader can

judge, adds substantially to the knowledge available about the highest states of union. So far, of course, it is a book for the elect and for the directors of the elect. But read by others in the right spirit, it cannot fail both to edify and to inform, besides affording incidentally many valuable lights upon theological and psychological points cognate to the high matters of which it mainly treats.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The Rev. Andrew Klarmann in his **Matrimonial Primer. A Handbook for Bride and Groom** (New York, Pustet: price 6d. net) essays a difficult task in giving instruction upon the various rights and obligations of the married state in plain and popular language. To our mind he succeeds admirably at once in being quite explicit and in avoiding all offence against good taste. We have noticed as particularly useful and well-expressed his exposition of the manner in which the needs and attractions of Nature are fulfilled in the Sacrament of Matrimony, and his paragraph 17, upon the intensification of "every-day charity" in the conjugal bond embodies a profound thought on which great stress needs to be laid in these days when young people so widely base their ideas of "love" upon those of popular novelists. Some moralists might be inclined to state the question of second marriages a little more mildly than Father Klarmann, and to speak more warmly than he does about the practice, from ascetical motives, of marital continence. But these are matters of expression and emphasis rather than of substance; Father Klarmann's moral theology is of course perfectly sound.

A little publication addressed exclusively to Catholic medical men or nurses, but quite exceptionally important for these, is the Rev. A. J. Schulte's **Address on the Administration of Baptism**, published by the Overbrook Publishing Company of Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A. Delivered originally as a lecture to the Guild of SS. Luke, Cosmas and Damian, it gives full directions as to the course to be adopted as to Baptism in various difficult and doubtful cases, and painful though certain of the details necessarily to be considered may be, it is essential that those concerned should be forewarned with regard to them. Father Schulte has performed a difficult and delicate task with great success. The theological and devotional tone he adopts throughout are a great help in this respect.

All who know the excellent plays of Ymal Oswin will be glad to welcome from her pen one set in a new *milieu*, as is **The White Dove of Ind**, published by the authoress at Cann Cot, Shaftesbury, at sixpence net. The scene chosen is Delhi and the time the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the name and fame of St. Francis Xavier were at their height throughout India. Ymal Oswin makes the most of the large opportunities presented by such a canvas, and has produced a drama, which, though imaginary in itself, is full of the truth at once of place, of time and of the deeper things of life.

We have received from Messrs. Burns and Oates copies of a new set of Altar Cards which they have just produced. The typographical planning of the cards, and their execution by the Clarendon Press, alike combine to make this publication perhaps the most triumphant of all Messrs. Burns and Oates' efforts of late years to establish a tradition amongst us of satisfying and beautiful typography. The cards are issued in two forms, both with and without a decorative border in conventional design; our copies are unframed so that the price cannot be stated.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- FROM THE AUTHOR, Cann Cot,
Shaftesbury.
The White Dove of Ind, an Historical Play. By Ymal Oswin. Pp. 28. Price 6d. net.
- G. BELL & SONS, London.
Edinburgh Mathematical Tracts. No. 1, *Descriptive Geometry.* By E. Lindsay Ince, M.A. Pp. viii. 79. Price, 2s. 6d. net. No. 2, *Interpolation and Numerical Integration.* By David Gibb, M.A. Pp. viii. 89. Price, 3s. 6d. net. No. 3, *Relativity.* By A. W. Conway, D.Sc. Pp. viii. 43. Price, 2s. net. No. 4, *A Course in Fourier's Analysis.* By G. A. Carse, M.A., and G. Shearer, M.A. Pp. viii. 66. Price, 3s. 6d. net. No. 5, *Spherical Triangles.* By Hubert Ball, M.A. Pp. viii. 66. Price, 2s. 6d. net. No. 6, *Automorphic Functions.* By Lester R. Ford, M.A. Pp. viii. 96. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.
Dieu, Son Existence et sa Nature. By R. Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P. Pp. viii. 770. Price, 10 francs. *L'Intérêt de la France et l'Intégrité de l'Autriche-Hongrie.* By Georges Vielmont. Pp. 138. Price, 2.50 francs. *Le Livre de la Consolation.* By Dom Hébrard, O.S.B. Pp. 280. Price, 2.75 francs. *La Psychologie de la Conversion.* By Th. Mainage, O.P. Pp. xii. 436. Price, 4 francs.
- CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
A Book of Victorian Prose and Poetry. Compiled by Mrs. Hugh Walker. Pp. xii. 258. Price, 3s. net.
- CIVILTA CATTOLICA, Rome.
Manuale di Teosofia. By Giovanni Busnelli, S.J. Parte Terza. Pp. viii. 288. Price, 2 lire. Parte Quarta. Pp. x. 404. Price, 2.50 lire.
- DUCKWORTH & Co., London.
The Roadmender Book of Days. Pp. 250. Price, 2s. 6d. net.
- EXAMINER PRESS, Bombay.
The German Jesuit Fathers of Bombay. By Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S.J. Pp. 127. Price, 4 annas.
- HARRISON & SONS, London.
Dolour D'Arcy, or The Church Between. By Agatha Le Breton. Pp. 207. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York.
Collected Poems. By Condé Benoist Pallen. Pp. 262. Price, 1.25 dollars.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.
Rêves et Colloques de Guillaume II. Par Ch. Grandmougin. Pp. 92. Price, 1 franc.
- LINEHAN, Melbourne.
Talks about Poets and Poetry. By Rev. J. J. Malone. Pp. iv. 196. Price 2s.
- LONGMANS, London.
Dorset Dear. By M. E. Francis. Pp. viii. 332. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *Lythgate Hall.* By M. E. Francis. Pp. viii. 348. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *The Church and the New Knowledge.* By E. M. Caillard. Pp. viii. 222. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *The Attitude of the Church towards War.* By the Rt. Rev. H. E. Ryle, D.D. Pp. 32. Price, 6d. net. Pp. 126. Price, 1s. net, cloth; 2s. 6d. net, leather. *Belief and Practice.* By Will Spens, M.A. Pp. xiv. 246. Price, 6s. net. *The Church of Christ.* By Peter Finlay, S.J. Pp. xii. 264. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *A Poësie from a Royal Garden.* Pp. xx. 147. Third Edition. Price, 2s. net, paper; 2s. 6d. net, cloth.
- McCaw, STEVENSON & ORR, Belfast.
The Christianity of Health. By Conway Scott. Pp. iv. 190. Price, 2s.
- PICARD, Paris.
L'Université de Louvain. By Paul Delaunoy. Pp. xx. 250. Sixteen illustrations. Price, 3.50 francs.
- WASHBOURNE, London.
Maxims and Sayings of Father Paul Gin hac, S.J. P. 94. Price, 1s. net, cloth; 2s. net, leather. *A Belgian Martyr of the War.* Pp. xvi. Price, 1d. *The Life of St. Monica.* By F. A. Forbes. *Questions of Moral Theology.* By Rev. Thomas Slater, S.J. Pp. 426. Price, 8s. net. *The Our Father.* Pp. xii. (printed on rag). Price, 6d. net. *Roma.* By Rev. Albert Kuhn. Part X., being pp. 313-344 of the complete work. Price, 1s. 3d. net.

